

THE  
SATYR  
OF

*Titus Petronius Arbiter,*  
A Roman Knight.

With its Fragments, recover'd at  
**BELGRADE.**

---

Made English by Mr. BURNABY of  
the Middle-Temple, and another Hand.

---

*Nihil hominum inepta persuasione falsius  
nec ficta severitate ineptius. Petro.*

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed for Samuel Briscoe, at the Corner of  
Charles-Street, in Russel-Street, Covent-Gar-  
den. 1694.





---

To the Right Honourable  
HENRY *Earl of Rumney,*  
*Viscount Sidney,*

*Master-General of Their  
Majesties Ordinance, one  
of Their Majesties most  
Honourable Privy-Council,  
Constable of Dover-Castle,  
and Lord Warder of the  
Cinque-Ports.*

My LORD,

**G**OOD Men think the  
meanest Friend no  
more to be dispis'd,  
than the Politick the mean-  
est Enemy; and the Gene-

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

rous wou'd be as inquisitive to discover an unknown Esteem for 'em , as the Cautious an unknown Hatred : This I say to plead my self into the number of those you know for your Admirers ; and that the World may know it, give me leave to Present you with a Translation of *Petronius*, and to absolve all my Offences against him, by introducing him into so agreeable Company. You're happy, my Lord, in the most Elegant part of his Character , in the Gallantry and Wit of a Polite Gentleman, mixt with the Observation  
and

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

and Conduct of a Man of  
Publick Employments; And  
since all share the benefit of  
you, 'tis the Duty of all to  
confess their sence of it, I had  
almost said, to return, as they  
cou'd, the Favour, and like  
a true Author, made that  
my Gratitude which may  
prove your Trouble: But  
what flatters me most out  
of the apprehensions of your  
Dislike, is the Gentleman-  
like Pleasantry of the Work,  
where you meet with variety  
of Ridicule on the Subject  
of Nero's Court, an agreea-  
ble Air of Humour in a  
Ramble through Schools,

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Bagnio's, Temples, and Markets; Wit and Gallantry in Amours, with Moral Reflections on almost every Accident of Humane Life. In short, my Lord, I shall be very proud to Please a *Sidney*, an House Fertile, of extraordinary Genio's, whose every Member deserves his own Sir *Philip* to Celebrate him; whose Characters are Romances to the rest of Mankind, but real Life in his own Family.

*I am, my LORD,*

*Your Lordships most devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

W. BURNABY.

---

---

THE  
PREFACE.

**T**He Moors ('tis said)  
us'd to cast their new-  
born Children into the  
Sea, and only if they Swam  
would think 'em worth their  
Care; but mine, with more  
neglect, I turn into the World;  
for sink or swim, I have done  
all I design'd for't. I have  
already, with as much satis-  
faction as Æneas in a Cloud  
heard Dido praise him, heard  
the Beaux-Criticks condemn

## The PREFACE.

*this Translation before they saw it, and with as much Judgment as if they had: And after they had Prophetically discover'd all the Flaws in the turns of Thought, the cadence of Periods, and had almost brought in Epick and Drama, they supt their Coffee, took Snuff, and charitably concluded to send Briscoe the Eye-Woman to help off with his Books. Well, I have nothing to say, but that these brisk Gentlemen that draw without occasion, must put up without satisfaction.*

*After the Injury of 1700 Years or better, and the several*



## THE PREFACE.

veral Editions in Quarto, Octavo, Duodecimo, &c. with their respective Notes, to little purpose; for these Annotators upon matters of no difficulty, are so tedious, that you can't get rid of their enlargements without sleeping, but at any real Knot are too Modest to interrupt any Man's Curiosity in the untying of it. After so many Years, I say, it happen'd upon the taking of Belgrade this Author was made Entire; made so because the New is suspected to be Illegitimate: But it has so many Features of the lawful Father, that he was at least



## The PREFACE.

least thought of when 'twas  
got. Now the Story's made out,  
the Character of Lycas al-  
ter'd, and Petronius freed  
from the imputation of not  
making Divine or Humane  
Justice pursue an ill-spent  
Life.

As to the Translation, the  
other Hand, I believe, has  
been very careful; but if my  
part don't satisfie the World,  
I should be glad to see my  
self reveng'd in a better Ver-  
sion; and tho' it may prove  
no difficult Province to im-  
prove what I have done, I  
shall yet have the credit of  
the first Attempt.

If

## THE PREFACE.

*If any of the Fine Gentlemen should be angry after they have read it, as some, to save that trouble, have before; and protest I've yet debauch't Petronius, and robb'd him of his Language, his only Purity, I hope we shall shortly be reconciled, for I have some very pretty new Songs ready for the Press: If this satisfies them, I'll venture to tell others that I have dress'd the meaning of the Original as modestly as I could, but to have quite hid the obscenity, I thought, were to Invent, not Translate.*

*As for the Ladies, if any too-discerning antiquated Hypocrite*

## The PREFACE.

*crite (for only such I fear) should be angry with the beastly Author ; let the Work be my Advocate, where the little liberties I take, as modestly betray a broad Meaning, as blushing when a Man tells the Story.*

*Those who object, that things of this nature ought not to be Translated, must arraign the Versions of Juvenal, Suetonius, &c. but what Suetonius thought excusable in History, any sober Man will think much more allowable in Satyr: Nor can this be offensive to Good-manners, since the gross part here is the displaying of Vices of that Dye, that there's an abhorrence*

## THE PREFACE.

*horrence even in Nature from  
em; nor is it possible that any  
ill Man can talk a good one in-  
to a new Frame or Compositi-  
on; nay, perhaps it may be ap-  
plicable to a good use, to see  
our own happiness, that we  
know that to be opposite to  
Humanity it self, which some  
of the Ancients were deluded  
even to practise as Wit and  
Gallantry; thus I'm so far  
from being toucht in expressing  
those Crimes, that I think it  
makes the more for me, the more  
they're detested.*

*If I have alter'd or added to  
the Author, it was either to  
render those Customs of the Ro-  
mans*

## The PREFACE.

mans that were analogous to ours, by what was more familiar to us, or to prevent a Note by enlarging on others where I found 'em.

The Verse of both Parts are Mine, and I have taken a great liberty in 'em; and tho' I believe there I have not wrong'd the Original, yet all will not amount to call them Good.

The Money at first I made English Coin, but not the exact worth, because it wou'd have been odd in some places to have brought in pence and farthings; as when the thousand Sesterces are offered to discover Gito, it would not be consistent with  
the

## THE PREFACE.

*the haste they were in to offer so many Pounds, so many Shillings, and so many Pence: I therefore proportion'd a sum to the Story without casting up the Sesterces; thus they went to the Press: But advis'd either to give the just value or the Roman Coin, I resolv'd on the latter for the Reasons I have given, and alter'd the Summs as the Proofs came to my hands; but trusting the care of one Sheet to a Friend, the sum 2000 Crowns past unalter'd.*

W. B.

THE







THE  
SATYR  
OF

*Titus Petronius Arbiter,*  
A Roman Knight.

With its Fragments, recover'd at  
BUDA, 1688.

Made English by Mr. BURNABY of  
the Middle-Temple, and another Hand.

‘ I Promis’d you an Account of what  
‘ besel me, and am now resolv’d to  
‘ be as good as my Word, being so  
‘ met to our Desires; not only to  
‘ improve our Learning but to be Merry,  
‘ and put Life in our Discourse with  
‘ pleasanter Tales.

‘ *Fabricius Vejento* has already, and  
‘ that wittily handled the Juggle of Re-  
B ligious,

# The SATYR of

‘ligion, and withal discover’d with  
 ‘ what impudence and ignorance Priests  
 ‘ pretend to be inspir’d : But are not our  
 wrangling Pleaders posselt with the same  
 Frenzy ? who cant it ; These Wounds  
 I receiv’d in defence of your Liberty ;  
 this Eye was lost in your Service ; lend  
 me a Hand to hand me to my Children,  
 for my faltering Hams are not able to  
 support me.

Yet even this might pass for tolera-  
 ble, did it put young beginners in the  
 least way to well-speaking. Whereas  
 now, what with the inordinate swell-  
 ing of Matter, and the empty ratling of  
 Words, they only gain this, That when  
 they come to appear in Publick, they  
 think themselves in another World.  
 And therefore I look upon the young  
 fry of Collegiates as likely to make the  
 most hopeful Blockheads, because they  
 neither hear nor see any thing that is  
 in use among Men : But a company of  
 Pirates with their Chains on the shoar ;  
 Tyrants issuing Proclamations to make  
 Children kill their Fathers ; the answers  
 of Oracles in a Plague-time, that three  
 or more Virgins be sacrific’d to appease  
 the Gods ; dainty fine Honey-Pellets of  
 Words, and every thing so said and  
 done,

done, as if it were all Spice and Gar-  
nith.

Those that are thus bred can no more  
understand, than those that live in a  
Kitchin not stink of the Grease: Give  
me, with your favour, leave to say,  
'twas you first lost the good grace of  
speaking; for with light idle gingles of  
Words to make sport ye have brought  
it to this, That the substance of Orato-  
ry is become effeminate and sunk.

Young Men were not kept to this  
way of declaiming when *Sophocles* and  
*Euripides* influenc'd the Age. Nor yet  
had any blind Alley-Professor foil'd  
their Inclinations, when *Pindar* and the  
Nine *Lyricks* durst not attempt *Homer's*  
Numbers: And that I may not bring  
my Authority from Poets, 'tis certain,  
neither *Plato* nor *Demosthenes* ever made  
it their Practice: A Stile one would va-  
lue, and as I may call it, a chaste Oration,  
is not splachy nor swell'n, but rises  
with a natural Beauty.

This windy and irregular way of  
babbling came lately out of *Asia* into *A-  
thens*; and having, like some ill Planet,  
blasted the aspiring Genius of their  
Youth, at once corrupted and put a pe-  
riod to all true Eloquence.

## The SATYR of

After this, Who came up to the height of *Thucydides*? Who reach'd the Fame of *Hyperedes*? Nay, there was hardly a Verse of a right strain: But all, as of the same batch, di'd with their Author. Painting also made no better an end, after the boldness of the *Egyptians* ventur'd to bring so great an Art into a narrower compass.

At this and the like rate my self once declaim'd, when one *Agamemnon* made up to us, and looking sharply on him, whom the Mob with such diligence observ'd, he would not suffer me to declaim longer in the Portico, than he had sweated in the School; But, young Man, said he, because your Discourse is beyond the common apprehension, and, which is not often seen, that you are a lover of Understanding, I won't deceive you: The Masters of these Schools are not to blame, who think it necessary to be mad with mad Men: For unless they teach what their Scholars approve, they might, as Cicero says, keep School to themselves: like flattering smell-Feasts, who when they come to great Mens Tables study nothing more than what they think may be most agreeable to the Company (as well knowing they shall never obtain what they would, unless

*unless they first spread a Net for their Ears ) so a Master of Eloquence, unless, fisherman like, he bait his Hook with what he knows the Fish will bite at, may wait long enough on the Rock without hopes of catching any thing.*

*Where lies the Fault then? Parents ought to be sharply reprehended, who will not have their Children come on by any strict Method; but in this, as in all things, are so fond of making a Noise in the World; and in such haste to compass their Wishes, that they hurry them in publick e'er they have digested what they have read, and put Children e'er they are well past their Sucking-Bottle, upon the good grace of speaking, than which even themselves confess, nothing is greater: Whereas if they would suffer them to come up by degrees, that their Studies might be temper'd with grave Lectures; their Affections fashion'd by the Dictates of Wisdom; that they might work themselves into a Mastery of Words; and for a long time hear, what they're inclined to imitate, nothing that pleas'd Children, wou'd be admir'd by them. But now Boys trifle in the Schools, young Men are laugh'd at in publick, and, which is worse than both, what every one foolishly takes up in his Youth, no one will*

## The SATYR of

*confess in his Age. But that I may not be thought to condemn Lucilius, as written in haste, I also will give you my Thoughts in Verse.*

*Who ere wou'd with ambitious just desire,  
To Mastery in so fine an Art aspire,  
Must all Extreame first diligently shun,  
And in a settled course of Vertue run.  
Let him not Fortune with stiff Greatness climb,  
Nor, Courtier-like, with Cringes undermine;  
Nor all the Brother Blockheads of the Pot,  
Ever persuade him to become a Sot;  
Nor flatter Poets to acquire the Fame  
Of, I protest, a pretty Gentleman.  
But whether in the War he wou'd be great,  
Or, in the gentler Arts that rule a State;  
Or, else his amorous Breast he wou'd improve  
Well, to receive the youthful Cares of Love.  
In his first Years to Poetry inclin'd,  
Let Homer's Spring bedew his fruitful Mind;  
His manlier Years to manlier Studies brought,  
Philosophy must next imply his Thought.  
Then let his boundless Soul new Glories fire,  
And to the great Demosthenes aspire.  
When round in throngs the list'ning People come,  
T' admire what sprung in Greece so slow at home.  
Rais'd to this height, your leisure hours engage  
In something just and worthy of the Stage;*

*Your*



*Your choice of Words from Cicero derive ;  
And in your Poems you design shou'd live,  
The Joys of Feasts, and Terrors of a War,  
More pleasing those, and these more frightful are, }  
When told by you, than in their acting were :  
And thus, enrich'd with such a golden store,  
You're truly fit to be an Orator.*

While I was wholly taken up with *Agamemnon*, I did not observe how *Ascylos* had given me the slip, and as I continu'd my diligence, a great crowd of Scholars fill'd the Portico, to hear, (as it appear'd afterwards) an extemporary Declamation, of I know not whom, that was discanting on what *Agamemnon* had said ; while therefore they ridicul'd his Advice, and condemn'd the order of the whole, I took an opportunity of getting from them, and ran in quest of *Ascylos* : But the hurry I was in, with my ignorance where our Inn lay, so distracted me, that what way soever I went, I return'd by the same, till tir'd in the pursuit, and all in a sweat, I met an old Herb-Woman : And, I beseech ye Mother, quoth I, do you know whereabouts I dwell ? Pleas'd with the simplicity of such a home-bred Jest, *Why should I not ?* answer'd she ; and getting on her Feet went on before me : I



thought her no less than a Witch :  
 But, having led me into a bye Lane, she  
 threw off her Pyebal'd Patch't-Mantle,  
*and here, quoth she, you can't want a Lodg-  
 ing.*

While I was denying I knew the  
 House, I observ'd a company of *Beaux*  
 reading the Bills o'er the Cells, on which  
 was inscrib'd the Name of the Whore  
 and her Price ; and others of the same  
 Function naked, scuttling it here and  
 there, as if they would not, yet would  
 be seen : When too late I found my  
 self in a Bawdy-House, cursing the Jade  
 that had trapan'd me thither, I cover'd  
 my Head and was just making off  
 through the midst of them, when in the  
 very Entry *Ascylos* met me, but as tir'd  
 as my self, and in a manner dead ; you'd  
 have sworn the same old Woman brought  
 him. I could not forbear laughing, but  
 having saluted each other, I ask'd him  
 what business he had in so scandalous,  
 a place ? he wip'd his Face, *And if you  
 knew, said he, what has happen'd to me —*  
 As what ? quoth I.

He faintly reply'd ; *When I had rov'd  
 the whole City without finding where I had  
 left the Inn, the Master of this House came  
 up to me, and kindly profer'd to be my  
 Guide ;*

*Guide ; so through many a cross Lane and blind turning, having brought me to this House, he drew his Weapon and prest for a closer ingagement. In this Affliction the Whore of the Cell also demanded Garnish-Money ; and he laid such Hands on me, that had I not been too strong for him, I had gone by the worst of it.*

‘ While *Ascylos* was telling his Tale,  
 ‘ in come the same Fellow, with a Woman, none of the least agreeable, and  
 ‘ looking upon *Ascylos*, entreated him  
 ‘ to walk in and fear nothing, for if he  
 ‘ would not be Passive he might be  
 ‘ Active : The Woman on the other  
 ‘ hand prest’d me to go in with her.  
 ‘ We follow’d therefore, and being led  
 ‘ among those Bills, we saw many of  
 ‘ both Sexes at work in the Cells \*, so  
 ‘ much every of them seem’d to have taken a Provocative \*.

‘ Nor were we sooner discover’d than  
 ‘ they wou’d have been at us with the  
 ‘ like Impudence, and in a trice one of  
 ‘ them, his Coat tuck’d under his Girdle, laid hold on *Ascylos*, and having  
 ‘ thrown him athwart a Couch, would  
 ‘ have been bobbing at him : I presently  
 ‘ ran to help the undermost, \* and putting our strengths together, we made  
 no-

## The SATYR of

' nothing of the troublesom Fool \*. *As-*  
 ' *cyltos* went off, and flying, left me ex-  
 ' pos'd to the Fury ; but, thanks to my  
 ' strength, I got off without hurt.

I had almost travers't the City round,  
 \* when through the dusk I saw *Gito* on  
 the Beggars-Bench of our Inn \* ; I made  
 up to him, and going in, ask'd him, what  
*Ascyltos* had got us for Dinner ? the Boy  
 sitting down on the Bed, began to wipe  
 the Tears that stood in his Eyes ; I was  
 much concern'd at it, and ask'd him the  
 occasion ; he was slow in his answer,  
 and seem'd unwilling ; but mixing  
 Threats with my Intreaties ; 'Twas that  
*Brother or Comroque of yours*, said he, *that*  
*coming ere while into our Lodging, wou'd*  
*have been at me, and put hard for it :*  
*When I cry'd out, he drew his Sword, and*  
*if thou art a Lucrece*, said he, *thou hast*  
*met a Tarquin.*

I heard him, and shaking my Fist at  
*Ascyltos*, what saist thou, said I, thou  
 Catamite, whose very Breath is tain-  
 ted ?

He dissembled at first a great trem-  
 bling, but presently throwing my Arms  
 aside, in a higher Voice cry'd out, *Must*  
*you be prating, thou ribauldrous Cut-*  
*throat \*, whom, condemn'd for murdring*  
*thine*

*thine Host \*, nothing but the fall of the Stage could have sav'd ? You make a noise, thou Night-Pad, who when at thy best hadst never to do with any Woman but a Baw'd ? On what account, think ye, was I the same to you in the Aviary, that the Boy here, now is ?*

And who but you, interrupted I, gave me that slip in the Portico ? *Why what, my Man of Gotham, continu'd he, must I have done, when I was dying for hunger ? Hear Sentence forsooth, that is, the rattling of broken Glasses, and the expounding of Dreams ? So help me Hercules, as thou art the greater Rogue of the two, who to get a meals Meat wert not asham'd to commend an insipid Rhimer. When at last, having turn'd the humour from Scolding to Laughing, we began to talk soberly.*

But the late Injury still sticking in my Stomach, *Ascylos, said I, I find we shall never agree together, therefore let's divide the common Stock, and each of us set up for himself : Thou'rt a piece of a Scholar, and I'll be no hindrance to thee, but think of some other way ; for otherwise we shall run into a thousand mischiefs, and become Town-talk.*

*Ascylos*

## The SATYR of

*Ascylos* was not against it; *And since we have promis'd*, said he, *as Scholars, to sup together, let's husband the Night too; and to morrow I'll get me a new Lodging, and some Comerade or other.*

'Tis irksome, said I, to defer what we like, (the itch of the Flesh occasion'd this hasty parting, tho' I had been a long time willing to shake off so troublesome an observer of my Actions, that I might renew my old Intrigue with my *Gito*.)

*Ascylos* taking it as an Affront, without answering, went off in a heat: I was too well acquainted with his subtle Nature, and the violence of his Love, not to fear the effects of so suddain a breach, and therefore made after him, both to observe his Designs and prevent them; but losing sight of him, was a long time in pursuit to no purpose.

When I had search'd the whole Town, I return'd to my Lodging, where, the Ceremony of Kisses ended, I got my Boy to a closer hug, and, enjoying my wishes, thought my self happy even to Envy: Nor had I done when *Ascylos* stole to the Door, and springing the Bolt, found us at leap-Frog; upon which, clapping his Hands, he fell a laughing, and turning

ing me out of the Saddle ; *What*, said he, *most reverend Gentleman, what were you doing, my Brother Sterling ?* Nor content with Words only , but untying the Thong that bound his Wallet, he gave me a warning, and with other reproaches, *As you like this, so be for parting again.*

‘ The unexpectedness of the thing  
‘ made me take no notice of it, but po-  
‘ litickly turn it off with a laugh ; for  
‘ otherwise I must have been at Loggar-  
‘ heads with my Rival : Whereas sweet-  
‘ ening him with a counterfeit Mirth,  
‘ I brought him also to laugh for com-  
‘ pany : *And you, Eucolpius, began he,*  
‘ *are so wrapt in Pleasures, you little con-*  
‘ *sider how short our Money grows , and*  
‘ *what we have left will turn to no ac-*  
‘ *count : There’s nothing to be got in Town*  
‘ *this Summer-time , we shall have better*  
‘ *luck in the Country ; let’s visit our*  
‘ *Friends.*

‘ Necessity made me approve his Ad-  
‘ vice, as well as conceal the smart of his  
‘ Lash ; so loading Gito with our Bag-  
‘ gage, we left the City, and went to the  
‘ House of one *Lycurgus*, a Roman Knight ;  
‘ who, because *Ascylos* had formerly  
‘ been his Pathick, entertain’d us hand-  
‘ somly ;



'fomly ; and the Company , we met  
 'there, made our Diversions the plea-  
 'santer : For, first there was *Tryphæna*,  
 'a very beautiful Woman, that had  
 'come with one *Lycas*, the owner of a  
 'Ship, and of a small Seat, that lay next  
 'the Sea.

'The Delight we receiv'd in this  
 'place was more than can be exprest,  
 'tho' *Lycurgus's* Table was thrifty e-  
 'nough : The first thing was every one  
 'to chuse his Play-Mate : The fair *Try-*  
 '*phæna* pleas'd me, and readily inclin'd  
 'to me ; but I had scarce given her the  
 'Courtesie of the House, when *Lycas*  
 'storming to have his old Amour flockt  
 'from him, accus'd me at first of under-  
 'dealing ; but soon from a Rival address-  
 'sing himself as a Lover, he pleasantly  
 'told me, I must repair his Damages,  
 'and ply'd me hotly : But *Tryphæna* ha-  
 'ving my Heart, I could not lend him  
 'an Ear. The refusal set him the shar-  
 'per ; he follow'd me where-ever I went,  
 'and getting into my Chamber at night,  
 'when Entreaty did no good, he fell to  
 'downright Violence ; but I rais'd such  
 'an out-cry that I wak'd the whole  
 'House, and, by the help of *Lycurgus*,  
 'got rid of him for that bout.

' At



‘At length perceiving *Lycurgus*’s House  
 ‘was not for his purpose, he would have  
 ‘persuaded me to his own; but I re-  
 ‘jecting the proffer, he made use of *Try-*  
 ‘*phæna*’s Authority; and she the rather  
 ‘persuaded me to yield to him, because  
 ‘she was in hopes of living more at li-  
 ‘berty there. I follow’d therefore whi-  
 ‘ther my Love led me; but *Lycurgus*  
 ‘having renew’d his old Concern with  
 ‘*Ascyrtos*, wou’d not suffer him to de-  
 ‘part: At last we agreed, that he shou’d  
 ‘stay with *Lycurgus*, and we go with *Ly-*  
 ‘*cas*: Over and beside which, it was con-  
 ‘cluded, that every of us, as opportuni-  
 ‘ty offer’d, should pilfer what he could  
 ‘for the common Stock.

‘*Lycas* was overjoy’d at my Consent,  
 ‘and so hastned our departure, that, ta-  
 ‘king leave of our Friends, we arriv’d  
 ‘at his House the same Day.

‘But in our Passage he so order’d the  
 ‘matter that he sat next me, and *Try-*  
 ‘*phæna* next *Gito*, which he purposely  
 ‘contriv’d to show the notorious Light-  
 ‘ness of that Woman; nor was he mi-  
 ‘staken in her, for she presently grew  
 ‘hot upon the Boy: I was quickly jea-  
 ‘lous, and *Lycas* so exactly remark’d it  
 ‘to me, that he soon confirm’d my suspi-  
 ‘cion

' cion of her. On this I began to be ea-  
 ' fier to him, which made him all Joy,  
 ' as being assur'd the Unworthiness of my  
 ' new Mistress wou'd beget my Contempt  
 ' of her, and resenting her slight, I shou'd  
 ' receive him with the better will.

' So stood the matter while we were  
 ' at *Lycas's*: *Tryphæna* was desperately in  
 ' love with *Gito*; *Gito* again as wholly  
 ' devoted to her; I car'd least for the  
 ' sight of either of them; and *Lycas* stu-  
 ' dying to please me, found me every  
 ' day some new Diversion: In all which  
 ' also his Wife *Doris*, a fine Woman,  
 ' strove to exceed him, and that so gay-  
 ' ly, that she presently thrust *Tryphæna*  
 ' from my Heart: I gave her the Wink,  
 ' and she return'd her Consent by as  
 ' wanton a Twinckle; so that this dumb  
 ' Rhetorick going before the Tongue,  
 ' secretly convey'd each others Mind.

' I knew *Lycas* was jealous, which  
 ' kept me Tongue-ty'd so long, and the  
 ' love he bore his Wife made him disco-  
 ' ver to her, his inclination to me: But  
 ' the first opportunity we had of talk-  
 ' ing together, she related to me what  
 ' she had learn'd from him; and I frank-  
 ' ly confess'd it, but withal told her how  
 ' absolutely averse I had ever been to't:

Well

‘ Well then, quoth the discreet Woman,  
‘ we must try our Wits, according to his  
‘ own Opinion, the permission was one’s  
‘ and the possession anothers.

‘ By this time *Gito* had been worn off  
‘ his Legs, and was gathering new  
‘ strength, when *Tryphena* came back to  
‘ me, but disappointed of her expectati-  
‘ on, her Love turn’d to a downright  
‘ Fury; and, all on fire with following  
‘ me to no purpose, got into my Intrigue  
‘ both with *Lycas* and his Wife: She  
‘ made no account of his gamesomness  
‘ with me, as well knowing it wou’d  
‘ hinder no Grist to her Mill: But for  
‘ *Doris*, she never left till she had found  
‘ out our private Amours, and gave a  
‘ hint of it to *Lycas*; whose Jealousie  
‘ having got the upper hand of his Love,  
‘ ran all to revenge; but *Doris*, adver-  
‘ tis’d by *Tryphena*’s Woman, to divert  
‘ the Storm, forbore any more such  
‘ meetings.

‘ As soon as I perceiv’d it, having  
‘ curs’d the Treachery of *Tryphena*, and  
‘ the Ingratitude of *Lycas*, I began to  
‘ make off, and Fortune favour’d me:  
‘ For a Ship consecrated to the Goddess  
‘ *Isis*, laden with rich Spoils, had the day  
‘ before run upon the Rocks.

'Gito and I laid our Heads together,  
 'and he was as willing as my self to be  
 'gone; for *Tryphena* having drawn him  
 'dry, began now not to be so fond of  
 'him. Early the next morning there-  
 'fore we march'd to Sea-ward, where  
 'with the less difficulty we got on board  
 'the Ship, because we were no strangers  
 'to *Lycas's* Servants then in wait upon  
 'her: They still honouring us with their  
 'company, it was not a time to filch  
 'any thing; but, leaving *Gito* with them,  
 'I took an opportunity of getting into  
 'the Stern, where the Image of *Isis*  
 'stood, and strip'd her of a rich Mantle,  
 'and Silver Taber, lifting other good  
 'Booty out of the Master's Cabin, I stole  
 'down by a Rope, unseen of any but  
 '*Gito*; who also gave them the slip and  
 'sculk'd after me.

'As soon as I saw him I shew'd him  
 'the Purchase, and both of us resolv'd  
 'to make what haste we could to *Ascyl-*  
 '*tos*, but *Lycurgus's* House was not to be  
 'reach'd the same day: When we came  
 'to *Ascyltos* we shew'd him the Prize,  
 'and told him in short the manner of  
 'getting it, and how we were made a  
 'meer may-game of Love: He advis'd  
 'us to prepossess *Lycurgus* with our Case,  
 'and

and make him our Friend ere the others could see him; and withal boldly assert it, That the trick *Lycas* would have served them, was the only cause why they stole away so hastily; which when *Lycurgus* came to understand, he swore he would at all times protect us against our Enemies.

Our flight was unknown till *Tryphæna* and *Doris* were got out of bed; for we daily attended their levy, and waited on them while they were dressing; but, when contrary to custom they found us missing, *Lycas* sent after us, and especially to the Sea-side, for he had heard we made that way, but not a word of the Pillage, for the Ship lay somewhat to Sea-ward, and the Master had not yet return'd on board.

But at last it being taken for granted, we were run away, and *Lycas* becoming uneasie for want of us, fell desperately foul on his Wife, whom he suppos'd to be the cause of our departure: I'll take no notice of what Words and Blows past between them; I know not every particular: I'll only say, *Tryphæna*, the Mother of Mischief, had put *Lycas* in the head, that it might so be, we had taken sanctuary at *Lycurgus's*, where she persuaded

suaded him to go in quest of the Runnagates, and promis'd to bear him company, that she might confound our Impudence with just Reproaches.

The next day they accordingly set forward, and came to his House; but we were out of the way: For *Lycurgus* was gone to a Festival in honour of *Hercules*, held at a neighbouring Village, and had taken us with him, of which when the others were inform'd, they made what haste they could to us, and met us in the Portico of the Temple. The sight of them very much disorder'd us: *Lycas* eagerly complained of our flight to *Lycurgus*, but was received with such a bended Brow, and so haughty a Look, that I grew valiant upon't, and with an open Throat charg'd him with his beastly attempts upon me, as well at *Lycurgus's* as in his own House; and *Tryphena* endeavouring to stop my Mouth, had her share with him, for I set out her Harlotry to the Mob, who were got about us to hear the scolding: And as a proof of what I said, I shew'd them poor sapless *Giton*, and my self also, whom that itch of the Whore had even brought to our Graves.



The shout of the Mob put our Enemies so out of Countenance that they went off heavily, but contriving a revenge; and therefore observing how we had put upon *Lycurgus*, they went back to expect him at his House, and set him right again. The Solemnity ending later than was expected, we could not reach *Lycurgus's* that Night, and therefore he brought us to a half-way House, but left us asleep next Morning, and went home to dispatch some business, where he found *Lycas* and *Tryphena* waiting for him, who so ordered the matter with him, that they brought him to secure us. *Lycurgus* naturally barbarous and faithless, began to contrive which way to betray us, and sent *Lycas* to get some help, whilst he secured us in the Village.

Thither he came, and at his first entry, treated us as *Lycas* had done: After which wringing his Hands together, he upbraided us with the Lye we had made of *Lycas*, and taking *Ascylos* from us, lock'd us up in the Room where we were, without so much as hearing him speak in our defence; but carrying him to his House, set a Guard upon us, till himself should return.

## The SATYR of

On the Road *Ascyrtos* did what he could to mollifie *Lycurgus*; but neither Entreaties, nor Love, nor Tears doing any good on him, it came into our Comerades head to set us at liberty, and being all on fire at *Lycurgus*'s restiness, refus'd to bed with him that Night, and by that means the more easily put in execution what he had been thinking on.

The Family was in their dead sleep when *Ascyrtos* took our Fardels on his Shoulders, and getting through a breach in the Wall, which he had formerly taken notice of, came to the Village by break of Day, and meeting no one to stop him, boldly enter'd it and came up to our Chamber; which the Guard that was upon us, took care to secure; but the Bar being of Wood, he easily wrenched it with an Iron Crow, and waken'd us; for we snor'd, in spite of Fortune.

Our Guard had so over-watched themselves, that they were fall'n into a dead sleep, and we only wak'd at the Crack. To be short, *Ascyrtos* came in and briefly told us what he had done for our sakes: On this we got up; and as we were rigging our selves, it came in-  
to

to my Head to kill the Guard, and rifle the Village; I told *Ascylos* my Mind: He liked the rifling well enough, but gave us a wish'd delivery without Blood, for being acquainted with every corner of the House, he pick'd the Lock of an Inner-Room where the Movables lay, and bringing us into it, we lifted what was of most value, and got off while it was yet early in the Morning; avoiding the common Road, and not resting till we thought our selves out of danger.

Then *Ascylos* having gotten heart again, began to amplify the Delight he took in having pillag'd *Lycurgus*; of whose miserableness he, nor without cause, complain'd; for he neither paid him for his Nights service, nor kept a Table that had either Meat, or Drink on't, being such a sordid pinch-penny; that, notwithstanding his infinite Wealth, he deny'd himself the common Necessaries of Life.

*Unhappy Tantalus, amidst the Flood,  
Where floating Apple on the surface roll'd,  
Ever pursu'd them with a longing Eye,  
Yet could not Thurst nor Hunger satisfie.*

## The SATYR of

*Such is the Miser's fate ; who midst his store,  
Fearing to use, is miserably poor.*

*Ascylos* would have been for *Naples* the same day, had I not told him how imprudent it was to take up there, where, forasmuch as could be conjectur'd, we were most likely to be sought after : And therefore, said I, let's keep out of the way for the' present, and, since we have enough to keep us from want, stroul it about till the Heat be over. The Advice was approv'd, and we set forward for a pleasant Country-Town, where we were sure to meet some of our Acquaintance that were taking the benefit of the Season : But we were scarce got half way, when a shower of Rain emptying it self upon us like Buckets, forc'd us into the next Village ; where entering the Inn, we saw a great many others that had also struck in, to avoid the Storm. The throng kept us from being taken notice of, and gave us the opportunity of prying here and there, what we might filch in a Crowd, when *Ascylos*, unheeded of any one, took a Purse from the Ground, in which he found several pieces of Gold ; we leap'd for Joy at so fortunate a begin-

ginning; but fearing, lest some or other might seek after it, we slunk out at a Back-door, where we saw a Groom Sadling his Horses; but, as having forgotten somewhat, he run into the House, leaving behind him an Embroider'd Mantle, mail'd to one of the Saddles: In his absence I cut the Straps, and under the covert of some Out-sheds, we made off with it to a neighbouring Forest.

Being more out of danger among the Thickets, we cast about where we should hide the Gold, that we might not be either charg'd with the Felony, or robb'd of it our selves: At last we concluded to sow it in the Lining of an old patcht Coat which I threw over my Shoulders, and entrusted the care of the Mantle to *Ascylos*, in design to get to the City by Cross-ways: But as we were going out, we heard somewhat on our left hand, to this purpose: They shall not escape us; they came into the Wood; let's separate our selves and beat about, that we may the better discover and take them. This put us into such a fright, that *Ascylos* and *Giton* fled through Briars and Brambles to the City-ward; but I turn'd back again in such a hurry, that without

out perceiving it, the precious Coat drop'd from my Shoulders: At last being quite tir'd, and not able to go any further, I laid me down under the shelter of a Tree, where I first miss'd the Coat: Then grief restor'd my strength, and up I got again to try if I could recover the Treasure; I ran hither and thither, and every where, but to no purpose; but spent and wasted between toil and heaviness, I got into a Thicket, where having tarried four hours, and half dead with the horror of the place, I sought the way out; but going forward, a Country-man came in sight of me: Then I had need of all my Confidence, nor did it fail me: I went up roundly to him, and making my moan how I had lost my self in the Wood, desir'd him tell me the way to the City: He pitying my Figure (for I was as pale as Death, and all bemir'd) ask'd me if I had seen any one in the Wood? I answered, not a Soul—on which he courteously brought me into the Highway, where he met two of his Friends, who told him, they had travers'd the Wood thro' and thro', but had light upon nothing but a Coat, which they shew'd him.



It may easily be believed I had not the courage to challenge it, tho' I knew well enough what the value of it was: This struck me more than all the rest; however, bewailing my Treasure, the Country-man not heeding me, and feebleness growing upon me, I slacken'd my pace, and jogg'd on slower than ordinarily.

It was longer e're I reach'd the City than I thought of; but coming to the Inn, I found *Ascylltos* half dead, and stretcht on a Straw Pallet, and fell on another my self, not able to utter a word: He missing the Coat was in a great disorder, and hastily demanded of me, what was become of it: I on the other hand, scarce able to draw my breath, resolv'd him by my languishing Eyes, what my Tongue would not give me leave to speak: At length recovering by little and little, I plainly told him the ill luck I had met with: But he thought I jested, and tho' the tears in my Eyes might have been as full Evidence to him as an Oath, he yet questioned the truth of what I said, and would not believe but I had a mind to cheat him. During this, *Giton* stood as troubled as my self, and the Boy's  
sadness

sadness increased mine : But the fresh Suit that was after us, distracted me most. I opened the whole to *Ascylos*, who seem'd little concern'd at it, as having luckily got off for the present, and withal assur'd himself, that we were past danger, in that we were neither known, nor seen by any one : However, it was thought fit to pretend a Sickness, that we might have the better pretext to keep where we were : But our Monies falling shorter than we thought of, and Necessity enforcing us, we found it high time to sell some of our Pillage.

It was almost dark, when going into the Brokers Market, we saw abundance of things to be bought and sold : of no extraordinary value, 'tis true ; yet such whose Night-walking Trade, the dusk of the Evening might easily conceal. We also had the Mantle with us, and taking the opportunity of a blind Corner, fell a shaking the Skirt of it, to try if so glittering a Shew would bring us a Purchaser ; nor had we been long there, e're a certain Country-man, whom I thought I had seen before, came up to us with a Hussye that follow'd him, and began to consider the Mantle more  
narrow-

narrowly, as on the other side did *Ascylos* our Country Chapman's Shoulders, which presently startled him, and struck him Dumb, nor could my self behold 'em without being concern'd at it, for he seem'd to me to be the same Fellow that had found the Coat in the Wood, as in truth he was: But *Ascylos* doubting whether he might trust his Eyes or not, and that he might not do any thing rashly, first came nearer to him as a Buyer, and taking the Coat from his Shoulders, began to cheapen, and turn it more carefully. O the wonderful vagaries of Fortune! for the Country-man had not so much as examined a Seam of it, but carelessly expos'd it as Beggars-booty.

*Ascylos* seeing the Coat unript, and the Person of the Seller contemptible, took me aside from the Crowd: And don't you see Brother, said he, the treasure I made such moan about is return'd? That's the Coat with the Gold in't, all safe and untoucht: What therefore do we do, or what course shall we take to get our own again?

I now comforted, not so much that I had seen the Booty, but had clear'd my self of the Suspicion that lay upon me,  
was

was by no means for going about the Bush, but down-right bringing an Action against him, That if the Fellow would not give up the Coat to the right owner, we might recover it by Law;

*Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Power;*

*The Cause is bad when e'er the Client's Poor :*

*Those strickt liv'd Men that seem above our World  
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold.* }

*So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold ;* }

*And the grave Knight that nods upon the Laws,  
Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the Cause.*

*Ascyrtos* on the other side afraid of the Law, who, said he, knows us in this place, or will give any credit to what we say? I am clear for buying it, tho' we know it to be our own, and rather recover the Treasure with a little Money, than embroil our selves in an uncertain Suit; but we had not above a couple of Groats ready Money, and that we design'd should buy us somewhat to eat. Least therefore the Coat should be gone in the mean time, we agreed, rather than fail, to sell the Mantle at a lower price, that the Advantage we got by the one, might make what we lost by the other more easie.

Assoon

Assoon therefore as we had spread open the Mantle, the Woman that stood muffled by the Countryman, having pryingly taken notice of some tokens about it, forceably laid both hands on't, and setting up her Throat, cryed out, Thieves, Thieves!

We on t'other part being disordered at it, lest yet he might seem to do nothing, got hold of the totter'd Coat, and as spitefully roar'd, they had robb'd us of it: But our case was in no wise like theirs, and the Rabble that came in to the out-cry, ridicul'd, as they were wont, the weaker side, in that the others made claim to so rich a Mantle, and we to a ragged Coat, scarce worth a good Patch. At this *Ascylos* could hardly keep his Countenance; but the noise being over, We see, said he, how every one likes his own best, Give us our Coat, and let them take the Mantle.

The Countryman and the Woman lik'd the exchange well enough, but a sort of Petty-Foggers, most of whose business was such Night Practice, having a mind to get the Mantle themselves, as importunately required, that both Mantle and Coat should be left  
in

in their hands, and the Judge would hear their complaints on the Morrow: For it was not the things alone that seem'd to be in dispute, but quite another matter to be enquir'd into, *to wit*, a strong suspicion of Robbery on both sides.

At last it was agreed to put both into some indifferent hand, till the right were determined; when presently one, I know not who, with a bald Pate, and a Face full of Pimples, he had been formerly a kind of Solicitor, steps out of the Rout, and laying hold on the Mantle, said he'd be Security it should be forth-coming the next day: when in truth he intended nothing more, but that having gotten it into Hucksters hands, it might be smuggled among them, as believing we would never come to own it, for fear of being taken up for it; for our part we were as willing as he; and an Accident befriended both of us: For the Country-man thinking scorn of it, that we demanded to have the patcht Coat given us, threw it at *Ascylltor's* Head, and discharging us of every thing but the Mantle, required that to be secur'd as the only cause of the Dispute. Having there-



therefore recovered, as we thought, our Treasure, we made all the haste we could to the Inn, and having shut the Door upon us, made our selves Merry, as well with the judgment of the Rabble as of our Detracters, who with so much circumspection had restor'd us our Money.

While we were ripping the Coat and taking out the Gold, we overheard somebody asking mine Host, what kind of People those were that had just now come in, and being startled at it, I went down to see what was the matter, and understood that a City Serjeant, who according to the duty of his Office, took an account of all Strangers, and had seen a couple come into the Inn, whose Names he had not yet Registred, and therefore inquired of what Country they were, and what way of living they had.

But mine Host gave me such a blind Account of it, that I began to suspect we were not safe there; whereupon for fear of being taken up, we thought fit to go off for the present, and not come back again till it was more in the Night, but leave the care of our Supper to Gito.

**D**

**We**

## The SATYR of

We had resolv'd to keep out of the Broad Streets, and accordingly took our Walk thro' that quarter of the City where we were likely to meet least Company; when in a narrow winding Lane that had not Passage thro', we saw somewhat before us, two comely Matron-like Women, and followed them at a distance to a Chappel, which they entred, whence we heard an odd humming kind of Noise, as if it came from the hollow of a Cave: Curiosity also made us go in after them, where we saw a number of Women, as mad as they had been, Sacrificing to *Bacchus*, and each of them an Amulet (the Ensign of *Priapus*) in her Hand. More than that, we could not get to see; for they no sooner perceived us, than they set up such a Shout, that the Roof of the Temple shook agen, and withal endeavour'd to lay Hands on us; but we scamper'd and made what haste we could to the Inn.

Nor had we sooner stuff'd our selves with the Supper *Gito* had got for us, when a more than ordinary Bounce at the Door, put us into another fright; and when we, pale as Death, ask'd who who was there, 'twas answer'd, Open  
the

the Door and you'll see: While we were yet talking, the Bolt drop'd off, and the Door flew open, on which, a Woman with her Head muffle'd came in upon us, but the same who a little before had stood by the Country-man in the Market: And what, said she, do you think to put a Trick upon me? I am *Quartilla's* Maid, whose Sacred recess you so lately disturb'd: She is at the Inn-gate, and desires to speak with ye: not that she either taxes your Inadvertency, or has a mind to so resent it, but rather wonders, what God brought such Civil Gentlemen into her Quarters.

We were silent as yet, and gave her the hearing, but inclin'd to neither part of what she had said, when in came *Quartilla* her self, attended with a young Girl, and sitting down by me, fell a weeping: nor here also did we offer a word, but stood expecting what those Tears at command meant. At last when the Showre had emptied it self, she disdainfully turn'd up her Hood, and clinching her Fingers together, till the Joints were ready to crack, what Impudence, said she, is this? or where learnt ye those Shamms, and that slight of Hand ye have so lately been behold-

ing to? By my Faith, Young-men, I am sorry for ye; for no one beheld what was unlawful for him to see, and went off unpunisht: and verily our part of the Town has so many Deities, you'l sooner find a God than a Man in't: And that you may not think I came hither to be revenged on ye, I am more concern'd for your Youth, than the Injury ye have done me: for unawares, as I yet think, ye have committed an in-expiable abomination.

- For my part it troubled me all Night, and threw me into such a shaking, that I was afraid I had gotten a *Tertian*, on which I took somewhat to have made me sleep; but the God appeared to me, and commanded me to rise and find ye out, as the likeliest way to take off the violence of the Fit. But I am not so much in pain for a remedy, as that a greater anguish strikes me to the heart, and will undoubtedly make an end of me, for fear in one of your Youthful Frolicks, you should disclose what you saw in *Priapus's* Chappel, and utter the Counsels of the Gods among the People. Low as your Knees, I therefore lift my Hands t'ye, that ye neither make Sport of our Night-worship, nor  
disho-

dishonour the Mysteries of so many Years, which, 'tis not every one, even among our selves, that knows.

After this she fell a crying again, and with many a pittiful groan, fell flat on my Bed: when I at the same time, between pity and fear, bid her take courage and assure her self of both; for that we would neither divulge those holy Mysteries; nor if the God had prescrib'd her any other remedy for her Ague, be wanting our selves to assist Providence, even with our own hazard.

At this Promise of mine, becoming more chearful, she fell a kissing me thick and threefold, and turning the humour of Tears into Laughing, she comb'd up some Hair that hung over my Face with her Fingers, and I come to a Truce with ye, said she, and discharge ye of the Process I intended against you: but if ye shou'd refuse me the Medicine I intreat of ye for the Ague, I have Fellows enough will be ready by to Morrow, that shall both vindicate my Reputation, and revenge the Affront ye put upon me.

## The SATYR of

*Contempt's dishonorable, and the Giver rude,  
 T' advise the Doctor, speaks the patient proud:  
 But I am Mistress of my self so far,  
 I can pay scorn with scorn without a War:  
 The wise revenge is to neglect the ill,  
 They're not the only Conquerours that Kill.*

Then clapping her Hands together, she turn'd off to so violent a Laughter, that made us apprehensive of some designs against us; the same also did the Woman that came in first, and the Girl that came with her; but so mimically, that seeing no reason for so sudden a change, we one while star'd on one another, and otherwhile on the Woman.

At length, quoth *Quartilla*, I have commanded, That no flesh alive be suffered to come into this Inn to day; that I may receive from you the Medicine for the Ague without interruption.

At what time *Ascylos* was a little amaz'd, and I so chill'd, that I had not power to utter a word: But the Company gave me heart not to expect worse, for they were but three Women, and if they had any design, must yet be too weak to effect it against us, who if we had nothing more of Man about us, had yet that Figure to befriend us:  
 We



We were all girt up for the purpose, and I had so contriv'd the Couples, that if it must come to a Rancounter, I was to make my part good with *Quartilla*, *Ascylos* with her Woman, and *Gito* the Girl.

While I was thus casting the matter in my Head, *Quartilla* came up to me, to cure her of her Ague, but finding her self disappointed, flew off in a rage, and returning in a little while, told us, there were certain Persons unknown, had a design upon us, and therefore commanded to remove us into a Noble Palace.

Here all our Courage fail'd us, and nothing but certain Death seem'd to appear before us.

When I began, If, Madam, you design to be more severe with us, be yet so kind as to dispatch it quickly; for whatever our offence be, it is not so hainous that we ought to be rack'd to death for it: Upon which her Woman, whose Name was *Psyche*, spread a Coverlet on the Floor, and fell examining the Linings of my Breeches, but her labour was lost, all was cold and dead. *Ascylos* muffled his Head in his Coat, as having had a hint given him, how dangerous it was to take notice of what

did not concern him : In the meantime *Psyche* took off her Garters, and with the one of them bound my Feet, and with the other my Hands.

Thus fetter'd as I lay, This, Madam, said I, is not the way to rid you of your Ague : I grant it, answer'd *Psyche*, but I have a Dose at hand will infallibly do it ; and therewith brought me a lusty Bowl of *Satyrion*, (a Love-Potion) and so merrily ran over the wonderful effects of it, that I had well-nigh suck'd it all off : But because *Ascylos* had slighted her Courtship, she finding his Back towards her, threw the bottom of it on him.

*Ascylos* perceiving the Chat was at an end, Am not I worthy, said he, to get a Sup ? And *Psyche* fearing my Laughter might discover her, clapped her Hands, and told him, Young-man I made you an offer of it, but your Friend here has drunk it all out.

Is it so, quoth *Quartilla*, smiling very agreeably, and has *Encolpius* gugg'd it all down ? At last also even *Gito* laught for Company, at what time the young Wench flung her Arms about his Neck, and meeting no resistance, half smother'd him with Kisses.

We

We would have cry'd out, but there was no one near to help us; and as I was offering to bid 'em keep the Peace, *Psyche* fell a nipping and pricking me with her Bodkin: On the other side also, the young Wench half stifled *Ascylos* with a Dish-clout she had rubb'd in the Bowl.

Lastly came leaping upon us a Burdash, in a rough Mantle stuck with Myrtle, girt about him; and one while almost ground our Hipps to Powder with his bobbing at us, and other-while flobber'd us with his nasty Kisses; till *Quartilla*, holding her Staff of Office in her Hand, discharg'd us of the Service; but not without having first taken an Oath of us, that so dreadful a Secret should go no further than our selves. Then came in a company of Wrestlers, and rubb'd us over with the Yelk of an Egg beaten to Oil: When being somewhat refresh'd, we put on our Night Gowns, and were led into the next Room, that had three Beds in it, all well appointed, and the rest of the entertainment as splendidly set out. The word was given, and we sat down, when having whet our appetites with an excellent Antipast, we swill'd our selves

## The SATYR of

selves with the choicest of Wine; nor was it long e'er we fell a nodding. It is so, quoth *Quartilla*; can ye sleep when ye know it is the Vigil to *Priapus*? at what time *Ascylos* snor'd so soundly, that *Psyche*, not yet forgetting the disappointment, he gave her, all be-footed his Face, and scor'd down his Shoulders with a *burnt Sticks end*.

Plagu'd with these mischiefs, I hardly got the least wink of Sleep, nor was the whole Family, whether within doors or without, in a much better condition; some lay up and down at our Feet, others had run their Heads against the Walls, and others lay dead asleep cross the Threshold: The Lamps also having drunk up their Oil, gave a thin and last blaze. At this instant got in a couple of pilfering Rogues to have stolen our Wine; but while they fell a scuffling among some Silver Vessels that stood upon the Table, they broke the Earthen Pot that held the Wine, and overthrew the Table, with the Plate on it, and at the same time also, a Cup falling off the Shelf on *Psyche's* Bed, broke her Head as she lay fast asleep; on which she cry'd out, and therewith discovered the Thieves,  
and

and wak'd some of the Drunkards: The Thieves on the other hand finding themselves in a Pound, threw themselves on one of the Beds, as some of the Guests, and fell a snoring like the rest. The Usher of the Hall being by this time got awake, put more Oil in the dying Lamps; and the Boys, having rubb'd their Eyes, return'd to their charge, when in came a Woman that play'd on the Harp, and ratling its Strings, rous'd all the rest: On which the Banquet was renew'd, and *Quartilla* gave the Word, to go on where we left (that is, Drinking :) The She Harper also added not a little to our Midnight Revel.

At last bolted in a shameless Rascal, one of no Grace either in Words or Gesture, and truly worthy of the House where he was; he also set up his noice, 'till apishly composing himself, as if he intended somewhat to the Company, he mouth'd out these Verses;

*O Yes! Now Tumblers with your wanton Tricks,  
Make haste, move your Legs quick, make the  
(Ground drum;  
With wanton Arms, soft Thighs, and active Hips,  
The Old, the Tender, and the sweetly Young.  
Having*

Having done with his Poetry, he smear'd my Lips with a nasty Kiss; then getting on our Bed, tugg'd stoutly to have turn'd up our Night-Gowns: Long and hard he kept goring at me, but all to no purpose. Great drops of Paint hung like Gum on his Forehead, and came trickling down the wrinkles of his Cheeks like Rain on a naked Wall. Nor could I forbear Tears any longer, but being brought to the last extremity, I beseech you Madam, quoth I, sure you have commanded to have us stifled with Kisses.

When gently clapping her Hands together, O Man of Wit, said she, and very original of pleasant Railery! what, don't you know a Pathick is ever a drivelling Kisser? And therefore that my Companion might not scape better than my self, By your Integrity, Madam, quoth I, does *Ascylos* alone keep Holy-day among us.

Is it so, said she, even let him have his share too: And therewith the Rascal chang'd his Horse, and turning off to *Ascylos*, almost bray'd him to pieces with kissing and bobbing him. Gi-



to stood laughing all the while, 'till he had well-nigh split himself; which *Quartilla* perceiving, diligently enquired whose Boy he was, and I telling her he was my Comrade, why then, said she, has he not kist me? and so calling him to her, fell at it roundly; and making a flourish with his Quarter-Pike, this, quoth she, may do well enough for a Fore-Skirmish, and get me an appetite to morrow; but having made so full a Meal already, it is not my way to put a Churle upon a Gentleman. With that *Psyche* came tittering to her, and having whispered I know not what in her Ear, Thou art in the right, quoth *Quartilla*, 'twas well thought on; and since we have so fine an opportunity, why should not our *Pannychis* lose her Maidenhead? And forthwith was brought in a pretty young Girl, that seem'd not to be above Seven Years of Age, and was the same that first came into our Room with *Quartilla*: All approv'd it with a general Clap, and next desiring it, a Wedding was struck up between the Boy and her. For my part I stood amaz'd, and assur'd them, That neither *Gito*, a bashful Lad, was able for the drudgery,

drudgery, nor the Girl of years to receive it. Is that all, quoth *Quartilla*? Is she less than I was when I first entered on't? A Pox on my *Nanny* if I remember I ever was a Maid; for when I was yet a little one, I went to Creep-Mouse with little Boys; and as I grew in Years, I put forwards to bigger, 'till I came to the age you see; and truly I think hence came the Proverb:

*She'll bare him a Bull that bore him a Calf.*

- Least therefore my Comrade might run a greater hazard, I got up to the Wedding.

And now *Psyche* put a flame-colour Veil on the Girles Head; the Pathick led before with a Flamboe, and a long Train of drunken Women, fell a shouting, and drest up the Bride-Chamber; *Quartilla* all a-gog as the rest, took hold of *Gito*, and dragg'd him in with her: But truly the Boy made no resistance; nor seem'd the Girl frightened at the name of Matrimony. When therefore they were lockt up, we sat without, before the Threshold of the Chamber; and *Quartilla* having waggishly slit a Chink thro' the Door, as wantonly laid  
att

an Ape's Eye to it; nor content with that, pluck't me also to see that Childs play, and when we were not peeping, would turn her Lips to me, and steal a Kifs.

The Jade's fulsomness had so tir'd me that I began to devise which way to get off. I told *Ascylos* my mind, and he was well pleased with it, for he was as willing to get rid of his torment, *Psyche*: Nor was it hard to be done, if *Gito* had not been lockt up in the Chamber; for we were resolv'd to take him with us, and not leave him to the mercy of a Bawdy-house. While we were contriving how to effect it, it so happened that *Pannychis* fell out of Bed, and drew *Gito* after her, without any hurt, though the Girl got a small Knock in the fall, and therewith made such a Cry, that *Quartilla*, all in a fright, ran headlong in, and gave us the opportunity of getting off, and taking the Boy with us; when without more ado, we flew to our Inn, and getting to Bed, past the rest of the Night without fear.

But going out the next day, whom should we meet but two of those Fellows that robb'd us of the Mantle, which *Ascy-*  
*los*

tos perceiving, he briskly attack'd one of them, and having disarm'd and desperately wounded him, came in to my relief; who was pressing hard upon the other, but he behav'd himself so well, that he wounded us both, altho' but slightly, and got off himself without so much as a Scratch.

And now came the third day, that is the expectation of an Entertainment at *Trimalchio's*, where every one might speak what he would: But having received some Wounds, we thought flight might be of more use to us than sitting still: We got to our Inn therefore, as fast as we could, and our Wounds not being great, cured them as we lay in Bed, with Wine and Oyl.

But the Rogue whom *Ascylos* had hewn down, lay in the Street, and we were in fear of being discovered, while therefore we were pensively considering which way to avoid the impending Storm, a Servant of *Agamemnon's* interrupted our fears: And do not ye know, said he, with whom we eat to day? *Trimalchio*, a trim finical Humorist has a Clock in his Dining-Room, and one on purpose to let him know how many Minutes of his Life he had lost.

loft. We therefore drest our felves carefully, and *Gito* willingly taking upon him the part of a Servant, as he had hither to done, we bad him put our things together, and follow us to the Bath.

Being in the mean time got ready, we walk'd we knew not where, or rather having a mind to divert us, struck into a Tennis-Court, where we saw an old Bald-pated Fellow in a Carnation-colour'd Coat, playing at Ball with a company of Boys; nor was it so much the Boys, tho' it was worth our while, that engaged us to be lookers on as the Master of the House himself in Pumps, who altogether tossed the Ball, and never struck it after it once came to the Ground, but had a Servant by him with a Bag full of them, and enough for all that play'd.

We observed also several new things; for in the Gallery stood two Eunuchs, one of whom held a Silver Chamber-pot, the other counted the Balls, not those they kept tossing, but such as fell to the Ground. While we admir'd the Humour, one *Menelaus* came up to us, and told us we were come where we must set up for the Night, and that we had

E

seen

seen the beginning of our Entertainment. As he was yet talking, *Trimalchio* snapp'd his Fingers, at which sign the Eunuch held the Chamber-pot to him as he was playing; then calling for Water, he dipped the tips of his Fingers in it, and dry'd them on the Boys Head. 'Twould be too long to recount every thing: We went into the Hot-house, and having sweated a little, into the Cold Bath; and while *Trimalchio* was anointed from Head to Foot with a liquid Perfume, and rubb'd clean again, not with Linnen but the finest Flannen, his Three Chyrurgeons ply'd the Muscadine, but brawling over their Cups; *Trimalchio* said it was his turn to drink; then wrapt in a Scarlet Mantle, he was laid on a Litter born by Six Servants, with Four Lacqueys in rich Liveries running before him, and by his side a Sedan, in which was carried his Darling, a stale bleer-eyed Catamite, more ill-favoured than his Master *Tremalchio*; who as they went on, kept close to his Ear with a Flagellet, as if he had whispered him, and made him musick all the way. Wondering, we followed, and, with *Agamemnon*, came to the Gate, on which hung a Tablet with this inscription:

WHAT



WHAT EVER SERVANT GOES FORTH WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, HE SHALL RECEIVE AN HUNDRED STRIPES.

In the Porch stood the Porter in a Green Livery, girt about with a Cherry-coloured Girdle, garbling of Pease in a Silver Charger; and over head hung a Golden Cage with a Magpye in it, which gave us an All Hail as we entered: But while I was gaping at these things, I had like to have broken my Neck backward, for on the left hand, not far from the Porter's Lodge, there was a great Dog in a Chain painted on the Wall, and over him written in Capital Letters, BEWARE THE DOG. My Companions could not forbear laughing; but I recollecting my Spirits, pursued my design of going to the end of the Wall; it was the draught of a Market-place where Slaves were bought and sold with Bills over them: There was also *Trimalchio* with a white Staff in his Hand, and *Minerva* with a Train after her entring *Rome*: Then having learnt how to cast Accompt, he was made Auditor; all exquisitely painted with their

E 2                      proper

proper Titles; and at the end of the Gallery *Mercury* lifting him by the Chin, and placing him on a Judgment-Seat. Fortune stood by him with a *Cornucopia*, and the Three fatal Sisters winding a Golden Thread.

I observed also in the same place a Troop of Light-horsemen, with their Commander Exercising them; as also a large Armory, in one of the Angles of which stood a Shrine with the Gods of the House in Silver, a Marble Statue of *Venus*, and a large Golden Box, in which it was said he kept the first Shavings of his Beard. Then asking the Servant that had the charge of these things, What Pictures those were in the middle? The *Iliads* and the *Odysses*, said he, and on the left hand two spectacles of Sword-playing. We could not bestow much time on it, for by this time we were come to the Dining-Room, in the entry of which sat his Steward, taking every ones Account: But what I most admir'd, were those bundles of Rods, with their Axes, that were fastned to the sides of the Door, and stood, as it were, on the Brazen Prow of a Ship, on which was written,

TO CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO OF PRÆTORIAN DIGNITY; CINNAMUS THE STEWARD.

Under the same Title also, hung a Lamp of two Lights from the Roof of the Room, and two Tablets on either side of the Door; of which one, if I well remember, had this Inscription,

THE THIRD AND SECOND OF THE KALENDS OF JANUARY, OUR PATRON CAIUS EATS ABROAD.

On the other was represented the Course of the Moon, and the seven Stars; and what Days were Lucky, what Unlucky, with an Emboss'd Studd to distinguish the one from the other.

Full of this Sensuality we were now entering the Room, where one of his Boys, set there for that purpose, call'd aloud to us, ADVANCE ORDERLY. Nor is it to be doubted, but we were somewhat concern'd for fear of breaking the Orders of the place. But while we were footing it accordingly, a Ser-

*The SATYR of*

vant stript off his Livery, fell at our Feet, and besought us to save him a Whipping; for he said his Fault was no great matter, but that some Cloaths of the Stewards had been stoln from him in the *Bath*, and all of them not worth Eighteen-pence.

We returned therefore in good Order, and finding the Steward in the Counting-House telling some Gold, besought him to remit the Servant's punishment: When putting on an haughty Face, It is not, said he, the loss of the thing troubles me, but the Negligence of a careless Rascal. He has lost me the Garments I sate at Table in, and which a Client of mine presented me on my Birth-day; no Man can deny them to be right Purple, tho' not double Dye; yet whatever it be, I grant your Request.

Having receiv'd so great a Favour, as we were entring the Dining-Room, the Servant for whom we had been Suitors, met us, and kissing us, who stood wondring what the Humour meant, over and over gave us thanks for our Civility; and in short, told us we should know by and by, whom it was we had oblig'd: The Wine which our Master keeps for his own drinking, is the Waiters kindness.

At

At length we fate down, when a bigger and sprucer sort of Boys coming about us, some of them poured Snow-water on our Heads, and others par'd the Nails of our Feet, with a mighty dexterity, and that not silently, but Singing as it were by the bye: I resolv'd to try if the whole Family Sang; and therefore called for Drink, which one of the Boys as readily brought me with an odd kind of Tune; and the same did every one as you asked for any thing: You'd have taken it for a Morris-dancers Hall, not the Table of a Person of Quality.

Then came in a sumptuous Antepast; for we were all seated, but only *Trimalchio*, for whom, after a new fashion, the chief Place was reserv'd. Besides that, as a part of the Entertainment, there was set by us a large Vessel of Metheglin, with a Pannier, in the one part of which were white Olives, in the other black; two broad Platters covered the Vessel, on the brims of which were Engraven *Trimalchio's* Name, and the weight of the Silver, with little Bridges soldered together, and on them Dormice, strew'd over with Honey and Poppy: There were

also piping-hot Sausages on a Silver Gridiron, and under that large Damsons, with the Kernels of Pomegranats.

In this Condition were we when *Trimalchio* himself was waddled into the Consort; and being close bolster'd with Neck-cloaths and Pillows to keep off the Air, we could not forbear laughing unawares: For his bald Pate peep'd out of a Scarlet Mantle, and over the load of Cloaths he lay under, there hung an Embroidered Towel, with Purple Tassels and Fringes dingle dangle about it: He had also on the little Finger of his left Hand, a large Gilt Ring, and on the outmost Joint of the Finger next it, one lesser, which I took for all Gold; but at last it appeared to be Jointed together with a kind of Stars of Steel: And that we might see these were not all his Bravery, he stripp'd his right Arm, on which he wore a Golden Bracelet, and an Ivory Circle, bound together with a glittering Locket, and a Meddal at the end of it: Then picking his Teeth with a Silver Pin, I had not, my Friends, said he, any inclination to have come among you so soon, but fearing my absence might make you wait too long, I deny'd my self my  
own



own satisfaction; however suffer me to make an end of my Game: There followed him a Boy with an Inlaid Table and Chrystal Dice; and I took notice of one thing more pleasant than the rest; for instead of black and white Counters, his were all Silver and Gold pieces of Money.

In the mean time while he was squandering his Heap at Play, and we were yet picking a Relish here and there, a Cupboard was brought in with a Basket, in which was a Hen Carved in Wood, her Wings lying round and hollow, as sitting on Brood; when presently the Confort struck up, and two Servants fell a searching the Straw under her, and taking out some Peahens Eggs, distributed them among the Company: At this *Trimalchio* changing Countenance, I commanded my Friends, said he, the Hen to be set with Peahens Eggs; and so help me *Hercules*, am affraid they may be half Hatcht: however we'll try if they are yet Suppable.

The thing we received was a kind of Shell of at least Six Pound weight, made of Paste, and moulded into the Figure of an Egg, which we easily broke; and for my part, I was like to have thrown away

way my share ; for it seemed to me to have a Chick in it ; till hearing an old Guest of the Tables saying, It was some good Bit or other, I searched further into it, and found a delicate fat Wheatear in the middle of a well-pepper'd Yolk : On this *Trimalchio* stopped his Play for a while, and requiring the like for himself, proclaim'd , If any of us would have any more Metheglin, he was at liberty to take it ; when of a sudden the Musick gave the Sign, and the first Course was scrabled away by a Company of Singers and Dancers ; but in the Rustle it happening that a Dish fell on the Floor , a Boy took it up, and *Trimalchio* taking notice of it, pluck'd him by the Ears , and commanded him to throw it down again ; on which the Groom of the Chamber came with a Broom and swept away the Silver Dish, with whatever else had fallen from the Table.

When presently came in two long-hair'd Blacks, with small Leather Bottles, such as with which they strew Sand on the Stage, and gave us Wine to wash our Hands, but no one offered us Water. We all admiring the Finicalness of the Entertainment, *Mars*, said he, is a lover

lover of Justice, and therefore let every one have a Table to himself, for having more Elbow-room, these nasty stinking Boys will be less troublesome to us ; and thereupon large double-Ear'd Vessels of Glass close Plaistered over, were brought up with Labels about their Necks, upon which was this Inscription :

OPIMIAN MUSCADINE OF  
AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

While we were reading the Titles, *Trimalchio* clapped his Hands, and Alas, alas, said he, that Wine should live longer than Man ! Wine is Life, and we'll try if it has held good ever since the Consulship of *Lucius Opimius*, or not : 'Tis right *Opimian*, and therefore make ready ; I brought not out so good Yesterday, yet there were Persons of better Quality Sup'd with me.

We drank and admired every thing, when in came a Servant with a Silver Puppet, so Jointed and put together, that it turned every way ; and being more than once thrown upon the Table, cast it self into several Figures ; on which *Trimalchio* came out with his Poetry :

*Unhap-*

*Unhappy Mortals, on how fine a Thread*

*Our Lives depend! How like this Puppet Man,  
Shall we, alas! be all when we are dead!*

*Therefore let's live Merrily while we can.*

The Applause we gave him, was followed with a Service, but respecting the place not so considerable as might have been expected: However, the Novelty of the thing drew every Man's Eye, upon it; it was a large Charger, with the twelve Signs round it; upon every one of which the Master Cook had laid somewhat or other suitable to the Sign: Upon *Aries*, Chick-Pease, (a Pulse not unlike a Rams-head) upon *Taurus* a piece of Beef; upon *Gemini* a pair of Pendulums and Kidneys: upon *Cancer* a Coronet; upon *Leo* an *African* Figg; upon *Virgo* a well-grown Boy; upon *Libra* a pair of Scales, in one of which was a Tart, in the other a Custard: upon *Scorpio* a Pilchard; upon *Sagittary* a Grey-hound; upon *Capricorn* a Lobster; upon *Aquarius* a Goose; upon *Pisces* two Mulletts, and in the middle a Plat of Herbs, cut out like a green Turf, and over them an Honey-comb. During this, a lesser  
Black

Black carry'd about Bread in a Silver Oven, and with a hideous Voice, forced a Bawdy Song from a Buffoon that stunk like *Assa Fetida*.

When *Trimalchio* perceived we look'd somewhat awkwardly on such course Fare, Come, come, said he, fall to and Eat, this is the Custom of the place.

Nor had he sooner said it, then the fourth Consort struck up ; at which the Waiters fell a Dancing, and took off the upper part of the Charger, under which was a Dish of cramm'd Fowl, and the hinder Paps of a Sow that had Farrowed but a day before, well Powdered, and in the middle a Hare, stuck in with Finns of Fish in his side, that he look'd like a Flying Horse; and on the sides of the Fish four little Images, that spouted a relishing Sauce on some Fish that lay near them, all of them brought from the River *Euripus*.

We also seconded the Shout begun by the Family, and fell merrily aboard this ; and *Trimalchio* no less pleas'd than our selves, cryed *Cut* ; at which the Musick sounding again, the Carver humour'd it, and cut up the Meat with such Antick Postures, you'd have thought him a Car-man fighting to an Organ.

Never-

Nevertheless *Trimalchio* in a lower Note, cryed out again *Cut*: I hearing the word so often repeated, suspecting there might be some Joke in it, was not ashamed to ask him that sat next above me, what it meant? And he that had been often present at the like, You see, said he, him that Carves about, his Name is *Cutter*; and as often as he says *Cut*, he both Calls and Commands.

The Humour spoiled my Stomach for eating; but turning to him that I might learn more, I made some pleasant Discourse to him at a distance; and at last asked him what that Woman was that so often scutled up and down the Room.

It is, said he, *Trimalchio's* Wife, her Name *Fortunata*, she measures Money by the Bushel; but what was she not long since? Pardon me Sir, you would not have touch'd her with a pair of Tongs, but now, no one knows how or wherefore, she's got into Heaven; and is *Trimalchio's all in all*: In short, if she says it is Mid-night at Mid-day, he'll believe her. He's so very Wealthy, he knows not what he has; but she has an Eye every where; and when you  
least



least think to meet her, you'll have her: She's void of all Good Counsel, and withal of an ill Tongue; a very Pye at his Bolster; whom she Loves she Loves; and whom she does not Love, she does not Love.

Then for *Trimalchio*, he has more Lands than a Crow can fly over; Monies upon Monies: There lies more Silver in his Porters Lodge, than any one Man's whole Estate. And for his Family, Hey-day, hey-day, there is not (so help me *Hercules*) one tenth of them that know their Master. In brief, there is not one of those Fools about him, but he can turn him into a Cabbage-stalk. Nor is there any occasion to Buy any thing, he has all at his own Door; Wooll, Marte, Pepper, nay Hens Milk; do but beat about and you'll find it. In a word, time was, his Wooll was none of the best, and therefore he bought Rams at *Tarentum* to mend this Breed; as in like manner he did by his Honey, by bringing his Bees from *Athens*. It is not long since but he sent to the *Indies* for Mushroom-Seed: Nor has he so much as a Mule that did not come of a Wild Ass. See you all these Quilts? there is not one of them whose  
Wad-

Wadding is not the finest Comb'd Wooll of Violet or Scarlet Colour, Dy'd in Grain. O happy Man! but have a care how you put a slight on those Freed Men, they are Rich Rogues: See you him that sits at the lower-end of the Table, he has now the Lord knows what; and 'tis not long since he was not worth a Groat, and carried Billets and Faggots at his Back: It is said, but I know nothing of it my self, but as I have heard, either he got in with an old Hog-grubbler, or had to do with an *Incubus*, and found a Treasure: For my part, I envy no Man, (if God gives any thing it is a Bit and a Blow, and wills no Evil to himself) he lately set up this Proclamation:

C. POMPEIUS DIOGENES  
HAS SOME LODGINGS TO  
LET, FOR HE HATH BOUGHT  
A HOUSE.

But what think you of him who sits in the place of a late Slave? how well was he once? I do not upbraid him: He was once worth a Hundred Thousand *Sesterstias*, but has not now a Hair of his Head that is not Engaged; nor,  
so

so help me *Hercules*, is it his own fault : There is not a better humour'd Man than himself ; but those Rascally Freed-men have cheated him of all : For know, when the Pot boyls, and a Man's Estate declines, farewell Friends. And what Trade do you think he drove ? He had the setting forth of Grave Men's Funerals ; and with that Eat like a Prince : He had his Wild Boars served up covered ; Pastry-Meats, Fowl-Cooks, Bakers : More Wine was thrown under his Table, than most Men have in their Cellars ; a meer Phantasm : And when his Estate was going, and he fear'd his Creditors might fall upon him, he made an *Auction* under this Title :

JULIUS PROCULUS WILL  
MAKE AN AUCTION OF SE-  
VERAL GOODS HE HAS NO  
USE OF.

The Dish was by this time taken away, and the Guests grown merry with Wine, began to talk of what was done abroad, when *Trimalchio* broke the Discourse ; and leaning on his Elbow, this Wine, said he, is worth drinking, and Fish must swim ; but do you think I

F

am

am satisfied with that part of your Supper you saw in the Charger? Is *Ulysses* no better known? what then; we ought to exercise our Brains as well as our Chaps; and shew, that we are not only lovers of Learning, but understand it: Peace rest my old Tutor's Bones who made me a Man amongst Men: No Man can tell me any thing that is New to me; for, like him, I am Master of the Practicks.

This Heaven that's inhabited by twelve Gods, turns it self into as many Figures; and now 'tis *Aries*: He that's born under that Sign has much Cattle, much Wooll, and to that a Jolt-head, a Brazen-face, and will be certainly a Cuckold: There are many Scholars, Advocates, and Horned Beasts, come into the World under this Sign. We praised our Nativity-caster's pleasantness, and he went on then again: The whole Heaven is *Taurus*, and wonder it e'er bore Football-Players, Herds-men, and such as can shift for themselves. Under *Gemini* are foaled Coach-Horses, Oxen calved, great Baubles, and such as can claw both sides, are born. I was born my self under *Cancer*, and therefore stand on many Feet, as having large Possessions both

both by Sea and Land. For *Cancer*, suits one as well as the other, and therefore I put nothing upon him, that I might not press my own Geniture. Under *Leo*, Spendthrifts and Bullies: under *Virgo*, Women, Runagates, and such as wear Iron Garters: under *Libra*, Butchers, Slip-slop-makers, and Men of Business: under *Scorpio*, Empoisoners and Cut-throats: under *Sagittary*, such as are Goggle-ey'd, Herb-women, and Bacon-stealers: under *Capricorn*, poor helpless Rascals, to whom yet Nature intended Horns to defend themselves: under *Aquarius*, Cooks and Paunch-bellies: under *Pisces*, Caterers and Orators: And so the World goes round like a Mill, and is never without its Mischiefs; that Men be either born or perish. But for that tuft of Herbs in the middle, and the Honey-comb upon it, I do nothing without just reason for it: Our Mother the Earth is in the middle, made round like an Egg, and has all good things in her self, like a Honey-comb.

Most Learnedly, we all cry'd; and lifting our hands, swore, neither *Hipparchus* nor *Aratus* were to be compared to him; till at last other Servants

came in and spread Coverlets on the Beds, on which were Painted Nets, Men in Ambush with Hunting-Poles, and whatever appertained to Hunting: Nor could we yet tell what to make of it; when we heard a great cry without, and a pack of Beagles came and ran round the Table, and after them a large Trey, on which was a Boar of the first Magnitude, with a Cap on his Head, (such as Slaves at their making Free, had set on theirs in token of Liberties) on his Tusks hung two Wicker Baskets, the one full of Dates, the other of Almonds; and about him lay little Pigs of March-pane, as if they were sucking: They signified a Sow had Farrowed, and hang there as Presents for the Guests to carry away with them.

To the cutting up this Boar, here came not he that had carried about the Fowl as before, but a swinging Fellow with a two-handed Beard, Buskins on his Leggs, and a short Embroidered Coat; who drawing his Wood-Knife, made a large hole in the Boar's Side, out of which flew a company of Black-birds: Then Fowlers stood ready with their Engines and caught them in a trice as they fluttered about the Room: On



On which, *Trimalchio* ordering to every Man his Bird, See, said he, what kind of Acorns this Wild Boar fed on : When presently the Boys took off the Baskets and distributed the Dates and Almonds among the Guests.

In the mean time, I, who had private thoughts of my own, was much concerned, to know why the Boar was brought in with a Cap upon his Head ; and therefore having run out my Tittle-tattle, I told my Interpreter what troubled me : To which he answered, Your Boy can even tell ye what it means, for there's no Riddle in it, but all as clear as Day. This Boar stood the last of Yester-nights Supper, and dismiss'd by the Guests, returns now as a Free-man among us. I curst my dullness, and asked him no more Questions, that I might not be thought to have never eaten before with Men of Sense.

While we were yet talking, in came a handsome Boy with a Wreath of Vine Leaves and Ivy about his Head ; declaring himself one while *Bromius*, another while *Lyccus*, and another *Enhyus*, (several Names of *Bacchus*) he carried about a Server of Grapes, and with a clear Voice, repeated some of his Master's

ster's Poetry, at which *Trimalchio* turning to him, *Dionysius*, said he, be thou *Liber*, (i. e.) *Free*, (two other Names of *Bacchus*) whereupon the Boy took the Cap from off the Boar's Head, and putting it on his own, *Trimalchio* added, you will not deny me but I have a Father, *Liber*. We all praised the conceit, and soundly kissed the Boy as he went round us.

From this up rose *Trimalchio*, and went to the Close-Stool; we also being at liberty, without a Tyrant over us, fell to some Table-talk.

When presently one calling for a Bumper, the Day, said he, is nothing, 'tis night e'er the Scene turn, and therefore nothing is better than to go streight from Bed to Board. We have had a great deal of Frost, the *Bagnio* has scarce heated me; but a warm drinking is my Wardrobe-keeper: For my part, I have spun this days Thread; the Wine is got into my Noddle, and I am down-right—

*Selucus* went on with the rest, and I, said he, do not bathe every day, for he where I use to bathe is a Fuller: Cold Water has Teeth in it, and my Head grows every day more washy than other; but when I have got my Dose in my  
Guts,

Guts, I bid defiance to Cold: Nor could I well do it to day, for I was at a Funeral, a jolly Companion, and a good Man was he, *Crysanthus* has breathed his last: 'Tis not long since we were together, and methinks I talk with him now. Alas, alafs! we are but blown Bladders, less than Flies, yet they have somewhat in them: But we are meer Bubbles. You'll say he would not be rul'd; not a drop of Water, or Crumb of Bread went down his Throat in five Days: And yet he's gone, or that *he died of the Doctor*. But I am of opinion his time was come; for a Physitian is a great Comfort. However, he was well carried out of his House upon a rich Bed, and mightily lamented, he made some of his Servants Free; but his Wife seem'd not much concerned for him. You'll say again he was not kind to her; but Women are a kind of Kites; whatever good is done them, 'tis the same as if it were thrown in a Well; and old Love is as bad as a Goal.

At this *Philaos* grew troublesome, and cryed out, Let us remember the Living: He had what was due to him; as he liv'd so he dy'd; and what has he now that any Man moans the want

of? He came from nothing, and to his dying-day would have taken a Farthing from a Dunghil with his Teeth; therefore as he grew up, he grew like a Honey-comb. He dy'd worth the Lord knows what, all ready Money. But to the Matter; I have eaten a Dog's Tongue and dare speak truth: He had a foul Mouth, was all Babble; a very Makebate, not a Man. His Brother was a brave Fellow, a Friend to his Friends, of an open hand, and kept a full Table: He did not order his Affairs so well at first as he might have done; but the first Vintage made him up again; for he sold what Wine he would; and what kept up his Chin was the expectation of a Reversion; the Credit of which brought him more than was left him; for his Brother taking a Pett at him, devised the Estate to I know not whose Bastard: He flies far that flies his Relations. Besides, this Brother of his had Whisperers about him, that were back-friends to the other: but he shall never do right that is quick of belief, especially in matter of business; and yet 'tis true, he'll be counted wise while he lives, to whom the thing whatever it be is given, not he that ought

ought to have had it. He was without doubt, one of *Fortune's* Sons; Lead in his hand would turn to Gold, and without trouble too, where there are not Rubbs in the way. And how many Years think ye he liv'd? Seventy-odd: but he was as hard as Horn, bore his Age well, and as black as a Crow.

I knew him some Years ago an Oilman, and to his last a good Womans Man; but withal such a Miser, that (so help me *Hercules*) I think he left not a Dogg in his House. He was also a great Whore-master, and a *Jack* of all Trades; nor do I condemn him for't, for this was the only secret he kept to himself and carry'd with him.

Thus *Phileros* and *Gammedes*, as followeth: Ye talk of what concerns neither Heaven nor Earth, when in the mean time no Man regards what makes all Victuals so scarce: I could not (so help me *Hercules*) get a mouthful of Bread to day: and how? The drought continues: For my part, I have not fill'd my Belly this Twelvemonth: A plague on these Clerks of the Market, the Baker and they juggle together; Take no notice of me, I'll take no notice of thee; which make the poorer  
fort

fort labour for nothing, while those greater Jaw-bones make Festival every day. Oh that we had those Lyons I now find here, when I came first out of *Asia*, that had been to live: The inner part of *Sicily* had the like of them, but they so handled the Goblins, even *Jupiter* bore them no Good-will. I remember *Sasinius*, when I was a Boy, he liv'd by the Old Arch; you'd have taken him for Pepper-corn rather than a Man; where-ever he went the Earth parched under him; yet he was honest at bottom; one might depend on him; a Friend to his Friend, and whom you might boldly trust in the dark. But how did he behave himself on the Bench? He tossed every one like a Ball; made no Starch'd Speeches, but downright, as he were, doing himself what he would persuade others: But in the Market his noise was like a Trumpet, without Sweating or Spueing. I fancy he had somewhat, I know not what, of the *Asian* humour: then so ready to return a Salute, and call every one by his Name, as if he had been one of us. In his time Corn was as common as Loam; you might have bought more Bread for half a Farthing, than any  
two



two could eat; but now the Eye of an Ox will cost you twice as much: Alas! alas! we are every day worse and worse, and grow like a Cows Tail, downward: And why all this? We have a Clerk of the Market not worth three Figgs, and values more the getting of a Doit himself, than any of our Lives: 'Tis this makes him laugh in his sleeve; for he gets more Money in a day than many an honest Man's whole Estate: I know now how he got the Estate he has; but if we had any thing of Men about us, he would not hug himself as he does; but now the People are grown to this pass, that they are Lyons at home, and Foxes abroad: For my part, I have eaten up my Cloaths already, and if Corn holds at the rate it does, I shall be forc'd to sell House and all: For what will become of us, if neither Gods nor Men pity us? Let me never enjoy my Friends more, than I believe all this comes from Heaven; for no one thinks there is any such thing; no one keeps a Fast, or value *Jupiter* a hair, but shuts his Eyes and reckons what he is worth. Time was, when Matrons went bare-foot with dishevel'd Hair, pure Minds, and pray'd him to send Rain, and  
forth-

forthwith it rained Pitcher-fulls, or then or never, and every one was pleased: Now the Gods are no better than Mice; as they tread, their Feet are wrapt in Wooll; and because we are not Superstitious your Lands yield nothing.

More Civilly, I beseech ye, said *Echion* the Hundred-Constable; it is one while this way, and another while that, said the Country-man when he lost his speckled Hogg: What is not to day may be to morrow; and thus is Life hurried about, so help me *Hercules*, a Country is said not to be the better that it has many People in it, tho' ours at present labours under that difficulty, but it is no fault of hers: We must not be so Nice, Heaven is equally distant every where; were you in another place you'd say Hoggs walked here ready dress'd: And now I think on't, we shall have an excellent Show these Holy-days, a Fencing-Prize exhibited to the People; not of Slaves bought for that purpose, but most of them Freemen. Our Patron *Titus* has a large Soul, but a very Devil in his Drink, and cares not a straw which side gets the better: I think I should know him, for I belong to him; he's of a right breed

breed both by Father and Mother, no Mungril. They are well provided with Weapons, and will fight it out to the last: the Theatre will look like a Butchers Shambles, and he has wherewithal to do it; his Father left him a vast Sum, and let him make Ducks and Drakes with it never so much, the Estate will bear it, and he always carries the reputation of it. He has his Waggon Horses, a Woman-Carter, and *Glyco's* Steward, who was taken a-bed with his Mistress; what a busle's here between Cuckolds and Cuckold-makers! But this *Glyco* a Money-Broker, condemned his Steward to fight with Beasts; and what was that but to expose himself for another? where lay the Servant's Crime, who perhaps was oblig'd to do what he did: She rather deserv'd to be brain'd, than the Bull that tossed her; but he that cannot come at the Arse, Thrashes at the Pack-Saddle: yet how could *Glyco* expect *Hermogine's* Daughter should make a good End? she'd have pared the Claws of a flying Kite; *A Snake does not bring forth a Halter: Glyco* might do what he would with his own; but it will be a Brand on him as long as he lives; nor can any thing but Hell blot

blot it out; however, every Man's faults are his own. I perceive now what Entertainment *Mammea* is like to give us; he'll be at Twopence Charges for me and my Company; which if he does, he will pull *Narbanus* clean out of favour; for you must know, he'll live at the full height; yet in truth what good has he done us? He gave us a company of pittiful Sword-players, but so old and decrepid, that had you blown on them, they'd have fallen of themselves: I have seen many a better at a Funeral Pile; he would not be at the Charge of Lamps for them; you'd have taken them for Dunghil Cocks fighting in the dark; one was a downright Fool, and withal Gouty; another Crump-footed, and a third half dead, and Hamstrung: There was one of them a *Thracian*, that made a Figure, and kept up to the Rule of Fighting; but upon the whole matter, all of them were parted, and nothing came of this great block-headed Rabble, but a downright running away: And yet, said he, I made ye a Show, and I clap my hands for Company; but cast up the Account, I gave more than I received; one Hand rubs another. You *Agamemnon* seem

to tell me what would that troublesome Fellow be at; because you that can speak, and do not, you are not of our Form, and therefore ridicule what poor Men say; tho', saving the repute of a Scholar, we know you are but a meer Fool. Where lies the matter then? let me perswade you to take a walk in the Country, and see our Cottage, you'll find somewhat to eat; a Chicken, some Eggs, or the like: The Tempestuous Season had like to have broke us all, yet we'll get enough to fill the Belly. Your Scholar, my Boy *Cicero*, is mightily improved, and if he lives, you'll have a Servant of him; he is pretty forward already, and whatever spare time he has, never off a Book: He's a witty Lad, well-featur'd, takes a thing without much study, tho' yet he be sickly: I killed three of his Linnets the other day, and told him the Weasels had eaten them; yet he found other things to play with, and has a pritty knack at Painting: He has a perfect aversion to *Greek*, but seems better inclined to *Latin*; tho' the Master he has now humours him in the other; nor can he be kept to one thing, but is still craving more, and will not take pains with  
any.

any. There is also another of this sort, not much troubled with Learning, but very diligent, and teaches more than he knows himself: He comes to our House on Holidays, and whatever you give him he's contented; I therefore bought the Boy some Ruled Books, because I will have him get a smattering in Accounts and the Law; it will be his own another day: He has Learning enough already, but if he takes back to it again, I design him for a Trade, a *Barber*, a *Parson*, or a *Lawyer*, which nothing but the Devil can take from him: How oft have I told him, Thou art (*Sirrah*) my first begotten, and believe thy Father, whatever thou learnest 'tis all thy own: See there *Phileo* the Lawyer, if he had not been a Scholar he might have starved; but now see what Trinkums he has about his Neck, and dares Nose *Narbanus*. Letters are a Treasure, and a Trade never dies.

Thus, or the like, we were bandying it about, when *Trimalchio* return'd, and having wip'd the Slops from his Face, wash'd his Hands, and in a very little time, Pardon me, my Friends, said he, I have been costive for several days, and my Physicians were to seek about  
it,



it, when a Suppository of Pomegranate Wine, with the Liquor of a Pine-tree and Vinegar relieved me; and now I hope my Belly may be ashamed if it keep no better Order; for otherwise I have such a rumbling in my Guts, you'd think an Ox bellowed; and therefore if any of you has a mind, he need not blush for the matter; there's not one of us born without some defect or other, and I think no torment greater than wanting the benefit of going to stool, which is the only thing even *Jupiter* himself cannot prevent: And do you laugh, *Fortunata*, you that break me so often of my sleep by Nights; I never denyed any Man to do that in my Room might pleasure himself, and *Physicians* will not allow us to keep any thing in our Bodies longer than we needs must; or if ye have any farther occasion, every thing is ready in the next Room: Water, Chamber-pots, Close-stools, or whatever else ye may need; believe me, this being hard-bound, if it get into the Head, disturbs the whole Body; I have known many a Man lost by it, when they have been so modest to themselves as not to tell what they ailed.

*The SATYR of*

We thank'd him for his freeness, and the Liberty he gave us, when yet to suppress our Laughter, we set the Glasses about again; nor did we yet know that in the midst of such dainties we were, as they say, to clamber another Hill; for the Cloth being again taken away, upon the next Musick were brought in Three fat Hogs with Collars and Bells about their Necks; and he that had the charge of them told us, the one was Two Years old, the other Three, and the third full grown. I took it at first to have been a Company of Tumblers, and that the Hogs, as the manner is, were to have shewn us some Tricks in a Ring, 'till *Trimalchio* breaking my expectation, Which of them, said he, will ye have for Supper? for Cocks, Pheasants, and the like Trifles are but Country fare, but my Cooks have Coppers will boil a Calf whole; and therewith commanding a Cook to be called for, he prevented our Choice by ordering him to kill the largest, and with a loud Voice, asked him, Of what rank of Servants in that House he was? to which he answering, Of the fortieth: Were you bought, said the other, or born in my House? Neither, said

said the Cook, but left you by *Pausa's* Testament. See then, said *Trimalchio*, that you dress it as it should be, or I'll send you to the Galleys. On which the Cook, advertised of his power, went into the Kitchen to mind his charge.

But *Trimalchio* turning to us with a pleasanter look, asked us if the Wine pleased us, if not, said he, I'll have it changed, and if it does, let me see it by your drinking: I thank the Gods I do not buy it, but have every thing that may get an Appetite growing on my own Grounds without the City, which no Man that I know but my self has; and yet it has been taken for *Tarracino* and *Taranto*. I have a Project to joyn *Sicily* to my Lands on the Continent, that when I have a mind to go into *Africa*, I may sail by my own Coasts. But prithee *Agamemnon* tell me what *moot-point* was it you argued to day; for tho' I plead no Causes my self, yet I have had a Share of Letters in my time; and that you may not think me sick of them now, have three Libraries, the one Greek, the other two Latin; therefore as you love me tell me what was the State of the Question: The Poor and the Rich are Enemies,

mies, said *Agamemnon*: And what is Poor, answered *Trimalchio*? Spoke like a Gentleman, replied *Agamemnon*. But making nothing of the matter, If it be so, said *Trimalchio*, where lies the Dispute? and if it be not so, 'tis nothing.

While we all humm'd this and the like stuff, I beseech ye, said he, my dear *Agamemnon*, do you remember the Twelve Labours of *Hercules*, or the Story of *Ulysses*, how a *Cyclop* put his Thumb out of Joint with a Mawkin? I read such things in *Homer* when I was a Boy; yray, saw my self the *Sybil* of *Cuma* hanging in a Glass Bottle: And when the Boys asked her, *Sybil*, what wouldst thou? She answered, *I would Die*.

He had not yet run to the end of the Rope, when an over-grown Hog was brought to the Table. We all wondered at the quickness of the thing, and swore a Capon could not be dress'd in the time; and that the more, because this Hog seemed larger than was the Boar we had a little before: When *Trimalchio* looking more intent upon him, What, what, said he, are not his Guts taken out? No, (so help me *Hercules*) they are not! Bring hither, bring hither this Rogue of a Cook. And when he stood hang-

hanging his Head before us, and said, he was so much in haste he forgot it. How, forgot it, cry'd out *Trimalchio*! Do ye think he has given it no Seasoning of Pepper and Cummin? Striphim: When in a trice 'twas done, and himself set between two Tormentors: However, we all interceded for him, as a fault that might now and then happen, and therefore beg'd his pardon; but if he ever did the like, there was no one would speak for him; tho' for my part, I think he deserved what he got: And so turning to *Agamemnon's* Ear, This Fellow, said I, must be a naughty Knave; could any one forget to Bowel a Hog? I would not (so help me *Hercules*) have forgiven him, if he had served me so with a single Fish. But *Trimalchio* it seems, had somewhat else in his Head; for falling a laughing, You, said he, that have so short a Memory, let's see if you can do it now. On which, the Cook having gotten his Coat again, took up a Knife, and with a feigned trembling, ripp'd up the Hogs Belly long and thwart, when immediately its own weight tumbled out a heap of Hogs-Puddings and Sausages.

After this, as it had been done of it self, the Family gave a Shout, and cry'd out, Health and Prosperity to *Caius* ! The Cook also was presented with Wine, a Silver Coronet, and a drinking Goblet, on a broad *Corinthian* Plate : which *Agamemnon* more narrowly viewing ; I am, said *Trimalchio*, the only Person that has the true *Corinthian* Vessels.

I expected, that according to the rest of his haughtiness, he would have told us they had been brought him from *Corinth* : But he better : And perhaps, said he, you'll ask me why I am the only Person that have them. And why, but the Copper-Smith from whom I buy them, is called *Corinthus* ? and what is *Corinthian* but what is made by *Corinthus* ? But that ye may not take me for a Man of no Sence, I understand well enough whence the word first came. When *Troy* was taken, *Hannibal*, a cunning Fellow, but withal mischievous, made a Pile of all the Brazen, Gold and Silver Statues, and burnt them together, and thence came this mixt Metal ; which Workmen afterwards carried off ; and of this Mass made Platters, Dishes, and several other things ;  
fo



so that these Vessels are neither this nor that Metal, but made of all of them. Pardon me what I say; however others may be of another mind, I had rather have Glas Ware; and if it were not so subject to breaking, I'd reckon it before Gold; but now it is of no esteem.

There was a Copper-Smith that made Glas Vessels of that pliant hardness, that they were no more to be broken than Gold and Silver ones: It so happened, that having made a Drinking-pot, with a wide Mouth of that kind, but the finest Glas, fit for no Man, as he thought, less than *Cæsar* himself; he went with his Present to *Cæsar*, and had admittance: The kind of the Gift was praised, the hand of the Workman commended, and the design of the Giver accepted. He again, that he might turn the admiration of the beholders into astonishment, and work himself the more into the Emperor's favour, pray'd the Glas out of the Emperor's hand; and having received it, threw it with such a force against the Paved Floor, that the most solid and firmest Metal could not but have received some hurt thereby. *Cæsar* also was no less amazed

at it, than concerned for it; but the other took up the Pot from the Ground, not broken but bulg'd a little; as if the substance of Metal had put on the likeness of a Glas; and therewith taking a Hammer out of his Pocket, he hammer'd it as it had been a Brass Kettle, and beat out the Bruise: And now the Fellow thought himself in Heaven, in having, as he fancied, gotten the acquaintance of *Cæsar*, and the admiration of all: But it fell out quite contrary: *Cæsar* asking him if any one knew how to make this Malleable Glas but himself? And he answering, there was not; the Emperor commanded his Head to be struck off: For, said he, if this Art were once known, Gold and Silver will be of no more esteem than Dirt.

And for Silver, I more than ordinarily affect it: I have several Water-pots more or less, whereon is the Story how *Cassandra* killed her Sons, and the dead Boys are so well Embossed, you'd think them real. I have also a drinking Cup left me by an Advocate of mine, where *Dædalus* puts *Niobe* into the Trojan Horse, as also that other of *Hermerotes*; that they may stand as a Testimony, there's truth in Cups, and all this  
Massy;

Massy ; nor will I part with what I understand of them at any rate.

While he was thus talking, a Cup dropt out of a Boy's hand ; on which, *Trimalchio* looking over his Shoulder at him, bad him begone, and kill himself immediately ; for, said he, thou art careless and mind'st not what thou art about. The Boy hung his Lip, and besought him ; but he said, What ! dost thou beseech me, as if I required some difficult matter of thee ? I only bid thee obtain this of thy self, that thou be not careless again : But at last he discharged him upon our entreaty. On this the Boy run round the Table and cry'd, Water without doors, and Wine within. We all took the Jest, but more especially *Agamemnon*, who knew on what account himself had been brought thither.

*Trimalchio* in the mean time hearing himself commended, drank on the merrier ; and being within an Ace of quite out, Will none of you, said he, invite my *Fortunata* to Dance ? Believe me, there's no one leads a Country Dance better : And with that, tossing his Hands round his Head, fell to act a *Jack-Pudding* ; the Family all the while Singing,  
Youth

*Youth it self, most exactly Youth it self;* and he had gotten into the middle of the Room, but that *Fortunata* whispered him, and I believe told him, such Gambols did not become his Gravity : Nor was there any thing more uneven to it self ; for one while he turned to his *Fortunata* , and another while to his natural inclination : But what disturbed the pleasure of her Dancing, was his Notaries coming in ; who, as they had been the Acts of a *Common-Council*, read aloud.

VII. of the *Calends* of *August* born in *Trimalchio's* manner of *Cumanum*, Thirty Boys and Forty Girls, brought from the Threshing-floor into the Granary, Five hundred thousand Bushels of Wheat. The same day broke out a Fire in a Pleasure-Garden that was *Pompey's*, first began in one of his *Bayliffs Houses*.

How's this, said *Trimalchio!* when were those Gardens bought for me? The Year before, answered his Notary, and therefore not yet brought to Account.

At this *Trimalchio* fell into a Fume ; And whatever Lands, said he, shall be bought me hereafter, if I hear nothing of it in six Months, let them never, I charge

charge ye, be brought to any Account of mine. Then also were read the Orders of the Clerks of the Markets, and the Testaments of his Woodward, Rangers, and Park-keepers, by which they disinherited their Relations, and with ample praise of him, declare *Trimalchio* their Heir. Next that, the Names of his Bayliffs; and how one of them that made his Circuits in the Country, turned off his Wife for having taken her in Bed with a Barber; the Door-keeper of his Baths turn'd out of his Place; the Auditor found short in his Accounts, and the Dispute between the Grooms of his Chamber ended.

At last came in the Dancers on the Rope; and a gorbelly'd Blockhead standing out with a Ladder, commanded his Boy to hopp every Round singing, and dance a Jigg on the top of it, and then tumble through burning Hoops of Iron, with a Glass in his Mouth. *Trimalchio* was the only Person that admir'd it, but withal said, he did not like it; but there were two things he could willingly behold, and they were the Flyers on the high Rope, and Quails; and that all other Creatures and Shows were meer Gewgaws: For, said he, I bought

bought once a Sett of *Stroulers*, and chose rather to make them *Merry-Andrews* than *Comedians*; and commanded my Bag-piper to Sing in Latin to them.

While he was Chattering all at this rate, a Boy chanced to stumble upon him, on which the Family gave a Shriek, the same also did the Guests; not for such a Beast of a Man, whose Neck they could willingly have seen broken, but for fear the Supper should break up ill, and they be forc'd to wail the death of the Boy.

Whatever it were, *Trimalchio* gave a deep Groan; and leaning upon his Arm as if it had been hurt, the Physicians ran thick about him, and with the first, *Fortunata*, her Hair about her Ears, a Bottle of Wine in her Hand, still howling, miserable unfortunate Woman that she was! Undone, undone.

The Boy on the other hand, ran under our Feet, and beseeched us to procure him a Discharge: But I was much concern'd, lest our Interposition might make an ill end of the matter; for the Cook that had forgotten to Bowel the Hog was still in my thoughts. I began therefore to look about the Room, for fear somewhat or other might drop



drop through the Cieling; while the Servant that had bound up his Arm in white, not Scarlet-colour Flannen, was soundly beaten: Nor was I much out, for instead of another Course, came in an order of *Trimalchio's*, by which he gave the Boy his Freedom; that it might not be said, so Honourable a Person had been hurt by his Slave. We all commended the Action, but chatted among our selves with what little Consideration the things of this World were done. You're in the right, said *Trimalchio*; nor ought this Accident to pass without Booking; and so calling for the Journal, commanded it to be Entred; and with, as little thought, tumbled out these Verses:

*What's least expected falls into our Dish,  
And Fortune's more indulgent than our Wish:  
Therefore, Boy, fill the generous Wine about.*

This Epigram gave occasion to talk of the Poets, and *Marsus*. the *Trachian* carry'd the Bays a long while: till *Trimalchio* (turning to some Wit amongst them) I beseech ye, Master of mine, said he, tell me what difference take ye between *Cicero* the Orator, and *Publius* the Poet?

Poet? for my part I think one was more  
Eloquent, the other the honeſter Man;  
for what could be ſaid better than this?

*Now ſinking Rome grows weak with Luxury,  
To pleaſe her appetite cram'd Peacocks die:  
Their gaudy Plumes a modiſh Dreſs ſupply.  
For her the Guinea Hen and Capon's dreſt:  
The Stork it ſelf for Rome's luxurious Taſte,  
Muſt in a Caldron build its humbl'd Neſt,  
That foreign, friendly, pious, long-leg'd thing,  
Grateful, that with ſhrill-ſcunding notes does ſing  
All Winter's gone; yet uſhers in the Spring.  
Why in one Ring muſt three rich Pearls be worn,  
But that your Wives th' exhausted Seas adorn,  
Abroad t' increaſe their Luſt, at home their Scorn?  
Why is the coſtly Emerald ſo deſir'd,  
Or richer glittering Carbuncle admir'd,  
Be cauſe they ſparkle, is't with that you're fir'd?  
Well, Honesty's a Jewel. Now none knows  
A modeſt Bride from a kept Whore by'er Cloaths;  
For Cobweb Lawns both Spouſe & Wench expoſe.*

But, now we talk after the rate of  
the Learned, which, ſaid he, are the  
moſt difficult Trades? I think a Phyſici-  
an and a Banker: A Phyſitian, be cauſe  
he knows a Man's very heart, and when  
the

the Fits of an Ague will return; tho' by the way, I hate them mortally; for by their good will I should have nothing but Slubber-flops: And a Banker, because he'll find out a piece of Brass Money, tho' plated with Silver.

There are also brute Beasts, Sheep and Oxen, laborious in their kind: Oxen, to whom we are beholding for the Bread we eat: and Sheep, for the Wooll, that makes us so fine. But O horrid! we both eat the Mutton, and make us warm with the Fleece. I take the Bees for Divine Creatures; they give us Honey, tho' 'tis said they stole it from *Jupiter*, and that's the reason why they Sting: For where-ever ye meet any thing that's sweet, you'll ever find a Sting at the end of it.

He also excluded *Philosophers* from business, while the Memoirs of the Family were carrying round the Table, and a Boy, set for that purpose, read aloud the Names of the Presents, appointed for the Guests, to carry home with them. *Wicked Silver, what can it not!* Then a Gammon of Bacon was set on the Table, and above that several sharp Sauces, a Night-Cap for himself, Pudding-Pies, and I know not what

what kind of Birds: There was also brought in a Rundlet of Wine, boiled off a third part, and kept under Ground to preserve its strength: There were also several other things I can give no account of; besides Apples, Scallions, Peaches, a Whip, a Knife, and what had been sent him; as Sparrows, a Flye-flap, Raisons, Attick Honey, Night-Gowns, Judges Robes, dry'd Paste, Table-Books, with a Pipe and a Foot-stool: After which came in an Hare and a Sole-Fish: And there was further sent him a Lamprey, a Water-Rat, with a Frog at his Tail, and a bundle of Beets.

Long time we smiled at these, and five hundred the like, that have now flipt my Memory: But now when *Ascylos*, who could not moderate himself, held up his hands and laught at every thing; nay so downright, that he was ready to cry: A Free-man of *Trimalchio's* that fate next above me, grew hot upon't; And what, said he, thou Sheep, what dost thou laugh at? does not this Sumptuousness of my Master please you? you're richer (forsooth) and eat better every day; so may the Guardian of the place favour me, as had I fate near him, I'd hit him a Box  
on

on the Ear ere this: A hopeful Cullion, that mocks others; some pitiful Night-walker, not worth the very Urine he makes; and should I throw mine on him, knows not where to dry himself. I am not (so help me *Hercules*) quickly angry, yet Worms are bred even in tender Flesh. He laughs! what has he to laugh at? what Wooll did his Father give for the Bantling? Is he a *Roman* Knight? I am the Son of a King. How came I then, you'll say, to serve another? I did it of my self, and had rather be a Citizen of *Rome*, than a Tributary King, and now hope to live so, as to be no Man's Jeast. I walk like other Men, with an open Face, and can shew my Head among the best, for I owe no Man a Groat: I never had an Action brought against me, or said to me on the *Exchange*, Pay me what thou owest me. I bought some Acres in the Country, and have every thing suitable to it: I feed twenty mouths, besides Dogs: I ransomed my Bond-Woman, lest another should wipe his Hands on her Smock; and between our selves, she cost me more than I'll tell ye at present. I was made a Captain of Horse *gratis*, and hope so to die, that I shall have no oc-

H casion

caſion to bluſh in my Grave: But art thou ſo prying into others, that thou never conſidereſt thy ſelf? Canſt thou ſpy a Louſe on another Man's Coat, and not ſee the Tyck on thy own? Your Maſter then is ancients than your ſelf, and't pleaſe him; but yet thou, whoſe Milk is not yet out of thy Noſe; that can't not ſay Boh to a Goofe; muſt you be making Obſervations? Are you the wealthier Man? If you are, Dine twice, and Sup twice; for my part I value my Credit more than Treasures: Upon the whole matter, where's the Man that ever dunn'd me twice? Thou Pipkin of a Man, more limber, but nothing better than a Strap of wet Leather, I have ſerved forty Years in this Houſe, came into it with my Hair full grown; this Palace was not then built, yet I made it my buſineſs to pleaſe my Maſter, a Perſon of Honour, the parings of whoſe Nails are more worth than thy whole Body. I met ſeveral rubs in my way, but by the help of my good Angel, I broke through them all: This is truth; it is as eaſie to make a Hunting-Horn of a Sow's Tail, as to get into this Company. What makes ye in a Dump now, like a Goat at a heap of Stones? On



On this *Giton*, who stood behind him, burst out a laughing; which the other taking notice of, fell upon the Boy; and, Do you, said he, laugh too, you curled-pated chattering Magpye? O the *Saturnals*! why how now, Sirrah! is it the Month of *December*? When were you Twenty, I pray? What would this Collop dropt from the Gibbet, this Crows-meat, be at? I'll find some or other way for *Jupiter* to plague thee, and him that bred thee no better, or never let me eat a good Meals-meat again: I could, Sirrah, but for the Companies sake, I spare thee; tho' either we understand not aright, or they are Sots themselves, that carry no better a hand over thee; for without doubt it is true, *Like Master like Man*. I am hot by nature, and can scarce contain my self; give me but a mess of Pease-Porridge, and I care not two-pence for my Mother. Very well, I shall meet thee abroad, thou Mouse; nay, rather Mole-Hill. May I never thrive more, but I'll drive that Master of thine into a blade of Rue; nor shalt thou (so help me *Hercules*) 'scape me, tho' thou couldst call in *Jupiter* to thy aid: I shall off with those Locks, and take thee when that trifling

## The SATYR of

Master of thine shall be out of the way;  
thou wilt certainly fall into my hands,  
and either I know not my self, or I'll  
make thee leave that Buffoonry: Tho'  
thy Beard were of Gold, I'll have thee  
bruised in a Mortar, and him that first  
taught thee: I never studied *Geometry*,  
*Criticism*, and meer words without sense,  
but I understand the fitting of Stones  
for Buildings; can run you over a  
hundred things, as to Metal, Weight,  
Coin, and that to a tittle; if you have  
a mind you and I will try it between  
us: I'll lay thee a Wager, thou Wizard,  
and tho' I am wholly ignorant of *Rhe-*  
*torick*, thou'lt presently see thou hast lost:  
Let no one run about the Bush to me;  
I come up to him: Resolve me, I say,  
which of us runs, yet stirs not out of  
his place: which of us grows bigger,  
and yet is less. Do you scamper? can't  
you tell what to make of it, that you look  
so like a Mouse in a Trap? Therefore  
either hold thy tongue, or don't pro-  
voke a better Man than thy self, who  
does not think thee fram'd of Nature,  
unless thou fantasiest me taken with those  
yellow curl'd Locks, which thou hast  
already vowed to some Whore or other.  
O lucky Opportunity! come, let's walk  
the

the *Exchange*, and see which of us can take up Money : You'll be satisfied then, this Iron has Credit upon't ; a pretty thing, is it not ! a drunken Fox. So may I gain while I live, and die well ; but the People will brain me if I follow not that Coat on thy back, which is not for thy wearing, where-ever thou goest : He's a precious tool too, whoever he were, that taught thee ; a piece of green Cheese, no Master. I have learn'd as well as another Man, and my Master said it would be my own another day. Save your Worship ! get home as fast as you can, but look well about you, and have a care how you speak irreverently of your betters, or vie Estates with them ; he that does it, his Purse shall feel it : For my self, that you see me as I am, I thank my Stars for the Art I have.

*Ascylos* was making answer to his Railing ; when *Trimalchio*, pleased with that good Grace of speaking, Go to, said he, no more of this wild talk, let us rather be pleasant : And you *Hermers*, bear with the Young-man, his Blood boils ; be thou the soberer Man ; he that is overcome in this matter, goes off Conqueror : Even thy self, when

thou wert such another Capon, hadst nothing but *Coco, Coco*, and no heart at all. Let us therefore, which is the better of the two, be heartily Merry, and expect some admirers of *Homer*, that will be here presently.

Nor were the words scarce out of his mouth, when in came a band of Men, and made a rustling with their Spears and Targets. *Trimalchio* leaned on his Pillow, the *Homerists* rattled out Greek Verses, as, arrogantly enough, they were wont to do, and he read a Latin Book with a loud voice: whereupon Silence being made, Know ye, said he, what Fable they were upon?

*Diomedes* and *Ganymede* were two Brothers, and *Helen* was their Sister; *Agamemnon* stole him away, and sham'd *Diana* with a Hind in his room, as says *Homer* in this place; and how the *Trojans* and the *Parentines* fought among themselves; but at last he got the better of it, and married his Daughter *Iphigenia* to *Achilles*; on which *Ajax* run Mad. And there's an end of the Tale.

On this the *Homerists* set up a Shout, and a young boiled Heifer with an Helmet on her Head, was handed in upon

a mighty Charger: *Ajax* followed, and with a drawn Sword, as if he were mad, made at it, now in one place, then in another, still acting a Morris-dancer; till having cut it into Joints, he took them upon the point of his Sword, and distributed them. Nor had we much time to admire the Conceit; for of a sudden the Roof gave a crack, and the whole Room shook: For my part, I got on my feet, but all in confusion, for fear some Tumbler might drop on my head; the same also were the rest of the Guests; still gaping and expecting what new thing should come from the Clouds: when straight the main Beams opened, and a vast Circle was let down, all round which hung Golden Garlands, and Alabaster Pots of sweet Ointments.

While we were required to take up these Presents, I chanced to cast an eye upon the Table, where there lay a fresh Service of Cheese-cakes and Tarts, and in the midst of them a lusty Rundlet, stuck round with all sorts of Apples and Grapes, as they commonly draw that Figure.

We greedily reached our Hands towards it, when of a sudden, a new Diversion gave us fresh Mirth; for all the

Cheese-cakes, Apples and Tarts, upon the least touch, threw out a delicious liquid Perfume, which fell upon us.

We judging the Mefs to be Sacred, that was fo gorgeously fet out, stood up and began a Health to the *August Founder*, the *Father of his Country*: After which Reverence, falling to catch that catch could, we filled our Napkins, and I chiefly, who thought nothing too good for my Boy *Gito*.

During this, in came three Boys in White, their Coats tuck'd about them; of whom, two set on the Table three Household Gods with Broaches about their Necks, and the other bearing round us a Goblet of Wine, cry'd aloud, Be the Gods Favourable! The Name of this, said he, is *Cobler*, that other's *Good-luck*, and the third's *Spend-all*: And as the Image of *Trimalchio* was carryed round, and every one kiss'd it, we thought it a shame not to do as the rest of the Company.

After this, when all of us had wished him Health and Happiness, *Trimalchio* turning to *Niceros*, You were wont, said he, to be a good Companion, but what's the matter we get not a word from ye now? Let me entreat ye, as you would

see



see me Happy, do not break an old Custom.

*Niceros*, pleased with the frankness of his Friend: Let me never thrive, said he, if I am not ready to caper out of my Skin, to see you in so good a Humour; therefore what I say shall be all Mirth; tho' I am afraid those Grave Fopps may laugh: but let them look to't, I'll go on nevertheless; for what am I the worse for any ones Swearing? I had rather they laugh at what I say, than at my self.

*Thus when he spake*—————  
he began this Tale——

While I was yet a Servant we liv'd in a narrow Lane, now the House of *Gavilla*: There, as the Gods would have it, I fell in Love with *Tarentius's* Wife; he kept an Eating-house. Ye all knew *Melissa Tarentina*, a pretty little Punching-block, and withal Beautiful; but (so help me *Hercules*) I minded her not so much for the matter of the point of that, as that she was good-humour'd; if I asked her any thing, she never deny'd me; and what Money I had, I trusted her with it; nor did she ever fail me when I'd occasion. It so happened, that a She-companion of hers  
had

had dy'd in the Country, and she was gone thither; how to come at her I could not tell; *but a Friend is seen at a dead lift*; it also happened my Master was gone to *Capua* to dispatch somewhat or other: I laid hold of the opportunity, and persuaded mine Host to take an Evenings Walk of four or five Miles out of Town, for he was a stout Fellow, and as bold as the Devil: The Moon shone as bright as Day, and about Cock-crowing we fell in with a Burying-place, and certain Monuments of the Dead: my Man loitered behind me a Star-gazing, and I sitting expecting him, fell a Singing and numbring them; when looking round me, what should I see but mine Host stript stark-naked, and his Cloaths lying by the High-way-side. The sight struck me every where, and I stood as if I had been dead; but he Piss'd round his Cloaths, and of a sudden was turned to a Wolf: Don't think I Jest; I value no Man's Estate at that rate, as to tell a Lye. But as I was saying, after he was turned to a Wolf, he set up a Howl, and fled to the Woods. At first I knew not where I was, till going to take up his Cloaths, I found them also turn'd to Stone. A-  
nother

nother Man would have dy'd for fear, but I drew my Sword, and slaying all the Ghosts that came in my way, lighted at last on the place where my Mistress was : I entred the first Door ; my Eyes were sunk in my Head, the Sweat ran off me by more streams than one, and I was just breathing my last, without thought of recovery ; when my *Melissa* coming up to me, began to wonder why I'd be walking so late ; and if, said she, you had come a little sooner, you might have done us a kindness ; for a Wolf came into the Farm, and has made Butchers work enough among the Cattle ; but tho' he got off, he has no reason to laugh, for a Servant of ours ran him through the Neck with a Pitch-fork. As soon as I had heard her, I could not hold open my Eyes any longer, and ran home by Day-light, like a Vintner whose House had been robb'd : But coming by the place where the Cloaths were turned to Stone, I saw nothing but a Puddle of Blood ; and when I got home, found mine Host lying a-bed like an Oxe in his Stall, and a Chirurgeon dressing his Neck. I understood afterwards he was a Fellow that could change his Skin ; but from  
that

that day forward, could never eat a bit of Bread with him, no, if you'd have kill'd me. Let them that don't believe me, examine the truth of it; may your good Angels plague me as I tell ye a Lye.

The Company were all wondring, when, Saving what you have said, quoth *Trimalchio*, if there be faith in Man, my Hair stands on end, because I know *Niceros* is no Trifler; he's sure of what he says, and not given to talking: Nay, I'll tell ye as horrible a thing my self; but see there, what's that behind the Hangings?

When I was yet a long-hair'd Boy, for even then I liv'd a pleasant Life, I had a Minion, and he dy'd: He was (so help me *Hercules*) a Pearl, a Paragon, nay Perfection it self: But when the poor Mother lamented him, and we also were doing the same, some *Witches* got round the House on a sudden, you'd have taken them for *Hounds hunting a Hare*. We had then in the House a *Cappadocian*, a tall Fellow, stout and hardy, that would not have stept an inch out of his way for *Jupiter*. He boldly drew his Sword, and wrapping his Coat about his left Arm, leaped out of the House,

House, and as it might be here, (no hurt to the thing I touch) ran a Woman clean through. We heard a pitiful Groan, but not to Lye, saw none of them. Our Champion came in and threw himself on a Bed, but all black and blue, as he had been thrash'd with Flails; for it seems some ill Hand had touched him. We shut the Door, and went on with our Mourning; but the Mother taking her Son in her Arms, and stroaking him, found nothing but a Bolster of Straw; it had neither Heart, Entrails, nor any thing, for *the Fairies* belike had *stollen him out of his Cradle, and left that of Straw instead of him.* Give me Credit, I beseech ye, *Women are craftier than we are, play their Tricks by Night, and turn every thing Topsy-turvy.* After this our tall Fellow never came to his Colour again, but in a few days died Raving-mad.

We all wondred, as not doubting what he said, and kissing the Table in reverence to him, pray'd the privilege of the Night, and that our Places might be kept till we returned.

And now we thought the Lamps look'd double, and the whole Room seem'd quite another thing; when *Tri-*  
*malchio*

*malchio* again, I speak to you *Plorinus*, won't you come in for a share? Will ye entertain us with nothing? thou usedst to be a pleasant Companion, couldst sing a Song and tell a Tale with the best; but Alas! alas! the Sweet-meats are gone. My Horses, said the other, ran away with my Coach, I have been troubled with the Gout ever since. When I was a young Fellow, I Sung so long I had well nigh brought my self into a Consumption. What do ye tell me of Songs, Tales, or Barbers Shops? Who ever came near me but one, only *Apelles*; and with setting his Hand to his Mouth, Whistled out somewhat, I know not what, which afterwards he swore was Greek. *Trimalchio* also when he mimicked the Trumpets, looked on his Minion and called him *Cræsus*: Yet the Boy was blear-eye'd, and swathing up a little black Bitch with nasty Teeth, and overgrown with Fat, in Green Swadling-Clouts, he set half a Loaf on the Table, which she refusing, he cram'd her with it: On which *Trimalchio* commanded the Guardian of his House and Family, *Scylax*, to be brought; when presently was led in a beautiful Mastiff in a Chain, who having a hint given him



him by a knock of the Porter's Foot, lay down before the Table: whereupon *Trimalchio* throwing him a Manchet; There's no one, said he, in this House of mine, loves me better than this Dog. The Boy taking it in dudgeon that *Scylax* should be so commended, laid the Bitch on the Floor, and challenged the Dog to have a Rubbers with him. On this *Scylax*, after the manner of Dogs, set up such a hideous Barking, that it fill'd the Room; and snapping at him, almost rent off a Brooch that hung on *Cræsus's* Breast; nor did the Scuffle end here, for the great Candle being overturn'd on the Table, broke all the Chrystal Glasses, and threw the scalding Oil on the Guests.

*Trimalchio*, not to seem concerned at the loss, kissed the Boy, and commanded him to get on his Back; nor was it long e're he was a Cock-horse, and flapping his Masters Shoulders, and laughing, cry'd out, *Fool, fool, and how many of them have we here?*

*Trimalchio* thus kept under for a while, commanded a Bumper to be fill'd and given round to the Waiters, with this further, That whoever refused it should have it poured down his Collar.

Thus

Thus one while we were Grave, and  
other while Merry.

After this came Junkets and made  
Dilhes, the very remembrance of which,  
if I may be believed, will not yet down  
with me ; for there were several cram'd  
Hens given about under the notion of  
Thrushes, and Goose Eggs with Caps  
upon them ; which *Trimalchio*, nor with-  
out Ostentation, press'd us to Eat ; ad-  
ding withal, that their Bones were ta-  
ken out.

Nor were the words scarce out of  
his mouth, when a Beadle rapp'd at  
Door, and one in White, with a com-  
pany of Roisters following him, came  
in upon us : For my part I was not a  
little surprized ; and *by his Lordliness*  
*taking him for the Mayor of a Town*, and  
*our selves within his Liberties*, was get-  
ting upon my Feet. *Agamemnon* laught  
to see me so concerned, and bade me  
sit still ; for, said he, this *Habinias* is a  
Captain of Horse, a good Mason, and  
has a special faculty in making Monu-  
ments.

Recovered again with his words, I  
kept my Seat, and wholly fix'd my Eye  
on *Habinias* : He came in Drunk, and  
lolling on his Wife's Shoulders, with  
some

some Garlands about him, his Face all trickling down with Ointment, he seated himself at the head of the Table, and incontinently called for Wine and hot Water.

*Trimalchio* was pleased with the Humour, and calling for a bigger Glass, asked him what Entertainment he had whence he came?

Every thing, said the other, but thy self; for my inclination was here; tho' (so help me *Hercules*) it was all well. *Scissa* kept a Nine-days Feast for his Servant *Miscellus*, whom he enfranchised after he was dead: It is said he had a round Sum in the Chequer, for they reckon he died worth 50000 Sesterces; yet this was all done in good order, tho' every of us were obliged to pour half his Drink on the Grave.

But, said *Trimalchio*, what had ye to Eat? I'll tell ye, quoth *Habinas*, as near as I can, for my Memory is not so good, but that sometimes I forget my own Name: However, for the first Dish we had a goodly Porker, with a Garland upon him, and Puddings, Goose Giblets, Lamb-stones, Sweetbreads, and Gizzards round him; there were also Beets, and Household-Bread of his

own baking, for himself, which I had rather have than White; it makes a Man strong, and I never complain of what I like. The next was a cold Tart, with excellent warm Honey, and that *Spanish*, running upon it. I eat little of the Tart, but more of the Honey; I tasted also the red Pulse, and Lupines, by the advice of *Calvus*, and several Apples, of which I took away two in my Handkerchief; for if I bring home nothing to my little she Slave, I shall have Snubs enough: this Dame of mine puts me often in mind of her. We had also on a Side-Table the Hanch of a Bear, which *Scintilla* tasting ere she was aware, had like to have thrown up her Guts: I on the other hand eat a pound of it or better, for methought it tasted like Boars flesh; and said I, if a Bear eats a Man, why may not a Man much more eat a Bear? To be short, we had Cream Cheese, Wine boil'd off to a third part, fry'd Snails, Chitterlings, Livers, Eggs, Turneps, Mustard, and a Bowl that held a Gallon. Don't disturb me *Palamedes*; there were also handed about a Basket of Sugar-Cakes, of which we wantonly took some, and sent away the Gammon of Bacon. But tell me *Cains*, I beseech you,

you, what's the matter that *Fortunata* sits not among us? How came you to know her? quoth *Trimalchio*; for till she has gotten her Plate together, and distributed what we leave among the Servants, not a sip of any thing goes into her mouth.

But unless she sits down, replied *Habinas*, I'll be gone; and was getting up, but that the word being four times given about for her, she came at last in a greenish Gown and a Cherry-colour'd Stomacher, beneath which might be seen her Petticoat and Embroidered Garters; then wiping her Hands on her Neckcloth, she sat on that Bed whereon *Scintilla* the Wife of *Habinas* was; and having given her a Kiss, told her, it was in Compliment to her that she was there. At length it came to this, that she took off her weighty Bracelets, and shewed them to *Scintilla*; which she admiring, she also unbuckled her Garters and a Net-work Purse, which she said was of the finest Gold.

*Trimalchio* observed it, and commanding all to be laid before him, See, said he, this Womans Finery, and *what Fools our Wives make us*; they should be Six Pound and a half; yet I've another of

*Mercury's* making , that weighs Ten :  
 And that he might not be thought to  
 tell a Lye, called for his Gold Scales,  
 and commanded them to be weighed :  
 Nor had *Scintilla* more Wit than t'other,  
 for pulling a Golden Box out of her  
 Bosom, which she called *Good luck*, she  
 took out of it two large Pearl Pen-  
 dants, giving them in like manner to  
*Fortunata* to view : See, quoth she, what  
 'tis to have a kind Husband, I am sure  
 no Woman has better. What, said  
*Habinas*, hast thou put the Sham on  
 me? thou toldst me thou couldst be  
 contented with Glass Beads; and for this  
 trick, if I had a Daughter I'd cut off  
 her Ears; tho' were there no Women  
 what were the rest worth ? This it is to  
 piss warm and drink cold.

Mean time the Women perceiving  
 they were toucht, twitter'd among them-  
 selves, and being got Drunk , fell to  
 kissing one another; one commended  
 the Mistress of the House, t'other the  
 Master: when during this chatter, *Ha-  
 binas* stealing behind *Fortunata* , gave  
 her such a toss on the Bed , that her  
 Heels flew as high as her Head, on  
 which she gave a squeak or two, and  
 finding her Thighs bare, ran her Head  
 under *Scintilla's* Smock. This



This held a while, till *Trimalchio* calling for a second Service to entertain his new Guests, the Servants took away the Tables that were before us, and having brought others, strew'd the Room with Pin-dust, mixt with Vermillion and Saffron; and, what I never saw before, the Dust of a Looking-glass ground to Powder.

When immediately, quoth *Trimalchio*, I could have been contented with those first Dishes; but since we have got other Tables, we must also have another Service; and if there be any thing worth our having, bring it.

On which, a spruce Boy that served us with warm Water, began to imitate a Nightingale; till *Trimalchio* giving the word, a Servant that waited on *Habinnas*, set up another Humour, and, as I believe, commanded by his Master, nois'd out;

*Mean time Æneas had put off to Sea.*

Nor was there ever a harsher sound yet pierced my Ear; for besides his disordered Country Tone, his pitiful and starvling way of delivery, he so stufft it with scraps of Verses, that even *Virgil* then first

disrelished me ; till at last so tyr'd, that he could hold no longer ; D'ye think, said *Habinas*, this Boy has learn'd nothing ? I bred him with Juglers that follow the Fair : Nor has he his fellow, whether he humours a Muliteer or a Jester. This never-be-good has abundance of Wit ; he's a Taylor, a Cook, a Baker, a Jack of all Trades, and but for two faults, were exact to a hair : He's crack-brain'd, and snores in his sleep : For that cast of his Eye I value it not, he looks like *Venus*, and therefore his Tongue is ever running ; and were that Eye out he were worth the Money I gave for him.

On which *Scintilla* interrupting him, told him he was a naughty Man, for not telling all his Servants good qualities : He's a Pimp, said he, it not worse, but I'll take care he be branded for that.

*Trimalchio* laught, and said he knew he was a *Cappadocian* that never beguiled himself of any thing, and (so help me *Hercules*) I commend him for't : when will you find such another, but, *Scintilla*, you must not be jealous : Believe me, and I know you too ; may I so enjoy the health you wish me, as I play'd at Leap-frog so long with our Boy,

Boy, that my Master grew jealous, and sent me to Dig in the Country: But hold thy tongue and I'll give thee a Loaf.

Hereupon the Rascal, as if he had been praised all this while, took out an Earthen Candlestick, and for half an hour or better, counterfeited the Hautboys, *Habinas* singing the Base to him, and blabbering his under Lip with his Finger; that done, he went into the middle of the Room, and clattering some Canes together, one while imitated the Bagpipes, and danced a Jigg to it; and other while with a ragged Frock and a Whip, humour'd a Fellow driving his Mules; till *Habinas* having called him, first kiss'd him, and then drank to him, which the other pledged; and wishing him better and better, I give you, said he, a pair of Buskins,

Nor had there ever been an end of this Trumpery, had not that last Service of Blackbirds, baked in good Pie-Crust with Raisins and Chestnuts, been brought up, and after them Quince-Peaches, so stuck with prickles, that they look'd like Hedgehogs: Yet this might have been born with, if the next Dish had not been such, that we had rather have starved than touch'd it: For when it was set upon the Table, and as we

thought, a fat Goose, with Filhes and all kind of Fowl round it, whatever you see here, said *Trimalchio* is all made of the same substance.

I, like a cunning Cur, straight apprehended what it might be; and turning to *Agamemnon*, I marvel, said I, whether they be all mash'd together or made of Loam; for in a *Saturnal* at *Rome*, my self saw the like imaginary shew of a Supper.

Nor had I scarce said it, when — quoth *Trimalchio*, let me so grow in Estate, not Bulk, as my Cook made all this out of one Hog; there is not an excellenter Fellow than himself; he shall, if ye please, make ye a Poll of Ling of a Sows Tripe; a Wood-Culver of fat Bacon; a Turtle of a Spring of Pork; and a Hen of a Collar of Brawn; and therefore of my own fancy, I gave him a Name proper to him, for he is called *Dædalus*: And because he understands his business, I had Chopping-Knives of the best Steel brought him from *Rome*; and with that, calling for them, he turn'd them over, and admiring them, offered us the liberty of trying their Edge on his Cheek.

On this came in two Servants as quarrelling about their Collars, at which each of them had a large Earthen Pot hanging; and when *Trimalchio* determined the matter between them, neither of them stood to his Sentence, but fell to Club-Law, and broke each others Pots.

This Drunken Presumption put us out of order; yet casting an eye on the Combatants, we saw Oysters and Scallops running from the Pots, and another Boy receiving them in a Charger, which he carried round the Guests.

Nor was the Cook's Ingenuity short of the rest, for he brought us a Dish of grill'd Snails on a Silver Gridiron, and with a shrill unpleasant Voice, Sang as he went. I am asham'd of what follow'd; for, what was never heard of till then, the Boys came in with a Bason of liquid Perfumes, and first binding our Legs, Ancles and Feet, with Garlands, anointed them with it, and put the rest into the Wine Vessel and the Lamps.

And now *Fortunata* began to Dance, and *Scintilla's* Hands went faster than her Tongue; when, quoth *Trimalchio*, Sit down *Philargyrus*, I give ye leave, and you *Carrio*, because you're a Green-Ribbon.

*Ribbon-Man*, and you *Minophilus* bid your Comrade do the like; what shall I say more? The Family so crouded upon us, that we were almost thrust off our Beds; and who should be seated above me, but the Cook who had made a Goose of a Hog, all stinking of Pickle and Kitchen-stuff; nor yet content that he sate amongst us, he fell immediately to Personate *Thespis* the Tragedian, and dare his Master to a Wager which of them two should win the Prize next Wrestling.

*Trimalchio* abash'd at the Challenge; My Friends, said he, even Servants are Men; and however oppress'd by ill luck, sucked the same Milk our selves did; and for mine, it shall not be long ere I make them Free without prejudice to my self: to be short, I enfranchise all of them by my last Will and Testament.

I give *Philargyrus* a Country Farm, and his she-Comrade; to *Carrio* an Island, with a twentieth part of my Moveables, a Bed and its Furniture; for I make *Fortunata* my Heiress, whom I recommend to all my Friends, and publish what I have done, to the end my Family may so love me now, as if I were dead.



All thanked their Master for his kindness; and he, as having forgotten trifles, called for a Copy of his Will, which he read from one end to the other, the Family all the while sighing and sobbing; afterwards turning to *Habinas*, Tell me, my best of Friends, said he, do you go on with my Monument as I directed ye? I earnestly entreat ye, that at the Feet of my Statue you Carve me my little Bitch, as also Garlands and Ointments, and all the Battles I have been in, that by your kindness I may live when I am dead: Be sure too that it have an hundred Feet as it fronts the High-way, and as it looks towards the Fields two hundred: I will also, that there be all sorts of Fruit and Vines round my Ashes, and that in great abundance: For it is a gross mistake to furnish Houses for the Living, and take no care of those we are to abide in for ever: And therefore in the first place, I will have it Engraven,

LET NO HEIR OF MINE PRE-  
TEND TO THIS MONUMENT.

And

And that I may receive no injury after I am dead, I'll have a Codicil annex to my Will, whereby I'll appoint one of my Freed-men the Keeper of this Monument, that the People make not a House-of-Office of it. Make me also, I beseech you, on this my Monument, Ships under full Sail, and my self in my Robes sitting on the Bench, with five Gold Rings on my Fingers, and scattering Moneys among the common People; for you know I have ordered ye a Funeral Feast, and Twopence a-piece in Money. You shall also, if you think fit, shape me some of these Beds we now sit on, and all the People making their Court to me. On my right hand place my *Fortunata's* Statue, with a Dove in one hand, and leading a little Dog in her Girdle with the other: As also my *Cicero*, and large Wine Vessels close Cork'd that the Wine don't run out, and yet Carve one of them as broken, and a Boy weeping over it; as also a Sun-Dial in the middle, that whoever comes to see what's a-Clock, may read my Name whether he will or no. And lastly, have a special consideration whether you think this Epitaph sufficient enough:

HERE

HERE RESTS CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PATRON OF THE LEARNED. A TROOP OF HORSE WAS DECREED HIM, WITHOUT SUING FOR, AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SENATOR WOULD HE HAVE ACCEPTED IT. A PIOUS MAN, HONEST, VALIANT, AND TRUE TO HIS FRIEND. HE RAISED HIMSELF FROM LITTLE OR NOTHING, BUT LEFT BEHIND HIM A PRODIGIOUS ESTATE, YET NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER. FAREWEL TO YOU ALSO.

This said, *Trimalchio* wept plentifully, *Fortunata* wept, *Habinas* wept, and the whole Family set up a cry as it had been his Funeral; nay, I also whin'd for company: when, quoth *Trimalchio*, Since you know we must die, why don't we live while we may? so let me live my self to see you happy; as, if we plunge our selves in the Bath we shall not repent it: At my peril be it; I'll lead the way, for this Room is grown as hot as an Oven. Say you so, quoth *Habinas*, nor am I afraid to make two days

days of one ; and therewith got up bare-foot and follow'd *Trimalchio*.

I on the other hand turning to *Ascylos*, asked him what he thought of it, for if I but see the Bath I shall swoon away.

Let's lagg behind then, said he, and whilst they are getting in, we'll slip off in the Crowd.

The contrivance pleased us; and so *Gito* leading the way through the *Portico*, we came to the last Gate, where a chained Dog bolted upon us so furiously, that *Ascylos* fell into the Fish-Pond. I who had been frightened at the painted Dog, and now gotten as Drunk as *Ascylos*, while I endeavoured to get hold of him, fell in my self; at last the Porter's coming in saved us, for he quieted the Dog and drew us out; but *Gito*, like a sharp Rascal, delivered himself, for whatever had been given him at Supper to carry home with him, he threw it the Dog, and that mollified him.

But, when shivering with cold, we desired the Porter to let us out : You're mistaken, said he, if ye think to go out the same way ye came in, for no Guest ere yet did; they came in at one Gate and are let out by another.

In

In this sad pickle, what should we do? we found our selves in a new kind of Labyrinth, and for bathing, we'd enough of it already: However, necessity enforcing us, we pray'd him to shew us the way to the Bath: and *Gito* having hung out our Cloaths a drying in the Porch, we entred the Bath, which was somewhat narrow, and sunk in the Earth, not unlike a Rain-water Cistern; in this stood *Trimalchio* stark-naked: Nor could we avoid his filthy tricks; for he said, nothing was better than to bathe in a Crowd; and that very place had in times past been a Grinding-house. Being weary at length, he sat down, and provok'd by the noisiness of the Bath, set up his drunken Throat, and fell a murdering some Songs of *Mene-crates*, as they that understood him told us.

Other Guests ran round the Cistern with their Arms across, and made a clamorous flap with their Mouths; others either try'd to take up a Ring from the Pavement, with their Hands bound behind them, or putting one Knee to the ground, to kiss their great Toes backward.

While

While they thus entertained one another, we went into the Hot-house that had been heated for *Trimalchio*; and being now recovered of our Drunkenness, were brought into another Room, where *Fortunata* had set out a fresh Entertainment. Above the Lamps I observed some Womens Gewgaws. The Tables were massy Silver, the Earthen Ware double gilt, and a Conduit running with Wine; when, quoth *Trimalchio*, This day, my Friends, a Servant of mine opened a Barber's Shop; he's well to pass, a thrifty Fellow, and a favourite of mine: Come, let the Floor have a drink as well as our selves; and for our part, we'll sit to it till day-light.

While he was yet speaking, a Cock crow'd, at which *Trimalchio* grew disordered, and commanded the Wine to be thrown under Table, and sprinkle the Lamps with it; then changing a Ring to his right Hand, it is not for nothing, said he, this Trumpeter has given us notice; for either the House should be on fire, or one of the Neighbourhood will kill himself: Far from us be it, and therefore whoever brings me this discoverer, I'll give him a reward.



When immediately a Cock was brought in, and *Trimalchio* commanding to have him drest, he was torn in pieces by that exquisite Cook, who a little before had made us Fish and Fowl of a Hog, and put in a Stew-pan, and while *Dædalus* was taking a lusty draught, *Fortunata* ground Pepper.

After which *Trimalchio* taking some of the Banquet, bid the Waiters go to Supper, and let others supply their places.

Whereupon came in another rank of Servants, and as the former going cry'd out, Farewel, *Caius*, those coming in cry'd out, Sit thou merry, *Caius*.

And here our Mirth first began to be disturb'd; for a beautiful Boy coming in among those new Servants, *Trimalchio* plucked the Boy to him, and did nothing but kiss him over and over: Whereupon *Fortunata* to maintain her right, began to Rail at *Trimalchio*, called him pitiful Fellow, one that could not bridle his Lust, shame and dishonour to an honest Woman, and a very Dog. *Trimalchio* on the other hand, all confounded and vex'd at her Taunts, threw a Goblet at her Head: She fell a roaring as if she had lost an Eye, and clapt both her Hands before it.

*Scintilla* also stood amazed, and covered *Fortunata* all trembling as she was, in her Bosom; the Boy also put a cold Pitcher to her Cheek, on which she leaned and made a lamentable wailing and blubbing.

But *Trimalchio* quite contrary; for, said he, what am I the better for this graceless Buttock? 'Tis well known I took her out of a Bawdy-house, and made her an honest Woman, but now blown up like a Frog she bespatters her self; a very Block, no Woman: But this poor Boy born in a Hovel, never dreams of Palaces. May my good Genius so befriend me, as I'll bring down this seeming Saint, but in her actions a Whore rampant: As inconsiderable as she makes me, I might have had a Wife with Two hundred and fifty thousand Pistols; you know I don't Lye; but she was somewhat in years, and *Agatho* the sweet Oil-man, persuaded me not to let my Name run out, when instead of doing good to her, I have put a Thorn in my own Foot; but I'll have a care that she dig me not out of my Grave with her Nails: And that she may know what I'll do at present, I will not, *Habinas*, have you put her Statue in my Monument, that

I have no words with her when I am dead: Nay, that she may know I am able to plague her, she shall not so much as kiss me when I die. After this ratling, *Habinas* entreated him to give over his anger; There's none of us all, said he, but some time or other does amiss; we are but Men, no Gods. Weeping *Scintilla* said the same, called him *Caius*, and by his own good nature, besought him to be pacified.

*Trimalchio* not able to hold Tears any longer, I beg of you, *Habinas*, said he, and as you wish to enjoy what you have gotten, if I have done any thing without cause, spit in my Face: I kiss'd the Boy 'tis true, not for his beauty, but that he's a hopeful thrifty Lad: He has several Sentences by heart, can read a Book at first sight; saves Money out of his days Provision; has a Binn of his own to keep it, and two drinking Cups; and does he not deserve to be in my Eye? but *Fortunata*, forsooth, will not have it so; your bandy Legs won't away with it. Be content with your own, thou she-Kite, and don't disquiet me, thou Harlotry, or otherwise thou'lt find what I am; thou knowest well enough, if I once set on't, 'tis immoveable. But we'll remember the living. K 2 Come

Come my Friends, let's see how Merry ye can be, for in my time I have been no better than your selves, but by my own industry I am what I am: 'Tis the Heart makes a Man, all the rest is but stuff. I buy cheap and sell dear; another Man may sell ye other things, but I enjoy my self: And thou Dunghil-raker, art thou yet gruntling, I'll make ye hereafter do it for somewhat.

But as I was saying my Frugality brought the fortune I have: I came out of *Asia* no taller than this Candlestick, and daily measured my self by it: and that I might get a Beard the sooner, rubb'd my Lips with the Candle-grease; yet I kept *Ganymede* to my Master fourteen Years (nor is any thing dishonourable that the Master commands) and the same time contented my Mistress: Ye know what I mean, I'll say no more, for I am no boaster. By this means, as the Gods would have it, the governing the House was committed to me, and nothing was done but by my guidance: What need many words? He madame Joint-heir with *Cæsar*, and I had by it a Senator's Estate; but no Man thinks he has enough, and I had a mighty desire to turn Merchant. Not to detain you longer; I built five  
Ships,

Ships, Freight'd them with Wines, which at that time were as dear as Gold, and sent them to *Rome*; you'll think I desired to have it so: All my Ships Founder'd at Sea; 'tis a great truth, no Story; *Nep-tune* swallowed me in one day Three hundred thousand Sesterties. Do ye think I broke upon't, (so help me *Hercules*) no; the Loss was but a Flea-bite: For, as if there had been no such thing, I built others, larger, better, and more fortunate than the former; so that every one called me a Man of Courage. As you know a great Ship carries a great deal of force, I loaded them again with Wine, Bacon, Beans, Unguents, Planes: And here *Fortunata* shewed her affection; for she sold what she had; nay, her very Cloaths, and put a round Sum in my Pocket; tho' yet it was but a Pig of my own Sow. What the Gods will is quickly done; I got an hundred thousand Sesterties by the Voyage, and forthwith redeemed the Lands my Patron had left me, built me a House, bought Cattle to sell them again, and whatever I went about gathered like a Snow-ball: But when I grew richer than all the Country besides, I took up, and from a Merchant turn'd Usurer, and bought Servants.

Thus

Thus resolved to give over Trading, a certain Astrologer that chanc'd to light on this Village, would have persuaded me to the contrary. He was a *Græcian*, his Name *Sarapa*, one that held Correspondence with the Gods. He told me a deal that I had forgotten, and laid every thing before me from top to bottom: He knew all I had within me, and told me what I had the Night before to Supper; you'd have thought he had liv'd with me all his life.

I beseech you, *Habinas*, for I think you was there; he told me the Intrigue between my Mistress and me; That I had but ill luck at Friends; that no one ever made me a return of my kindnesſes: That I had large Possessions, but nourished a Viper in my Bosom: Why should I not tell you all? I have by his Account, thirty Years, four Months, and two Days yet to live; and in a short time shall have another Estate left me.

Thus my Fortune-teller. But if I can join my Lands here to those in *Apulia*, I shall do well enough: in the mean, and while *Mercury* is my Guardian, I have built this House: it was once you know, a pitiful Cabbin, but now as Magnificent as a Temple: it has four Dining Rooms,  
twenty



twenty Bed-Chambers, two Marble Porticces, a Gallery above Stairs, my own Apartment, another for this Viper; a very good Porter's Lodge, and the House capable of receiving a thousand Guests: To be short, when ever *Scaurus* comes this way, he had rather lodge here than at his own House, tho' it lie to the Seaward: and many other Conveniencies it has, which I'll shew you by and by. Believe me, *He that has a penny in his Purse, is worth a penny: Have and you shall be esteemed.* And so your Friend, once no better than a Frog, is now a King.

And now *Stichus* bring me the Furniture in which I design to be carried to my Funeral Pile; bring also the Unguent, and some of that Pot, which I ordered for the cleansing my Bones.

*Stichus* lingered not, but brought in a white Coverlet, and Robe of State, and pray'd us to try if they were not fine Wooll, and well Woven. And see you *Stichus*, said *Trimalchio* smiling, that neither Mice nor Moths come at them, for if they do I'll burn you alive. I will be brought out in Pomp, that all the People may speak well of me.

With that opening a Glass Bottle of Spicknard, he caus'd us all to be Anointed;

ed; and I hope, said he, it will do as much good when I am dead, as it does while I am living: Then commanding the Wine Vessels to be filled again; Fansie, said he, you are invited to my Funeral Feast. We by this time nauseated, were ready to Vomit; *Trimalchio* also was gotten confoundedly Drunk, when behold a new Interlude; he called for the Coronets to come in; and, underfet with Pillows, and stretching himself at length on the Bed, suppose me, said he, now dead, say somewhat, I beseech you, in praise of me.

Whereupon the Coronets sounded as it had been at a Funeral; but one above the rest, a Servant of that Freed-man of *Trimalchio's*, that was the best condition'd of 'em all, made such a thundering, that it rais'd the Neighbourhood: On which the Watch thinking the House was on fire, broke open the Gate, and making an Uproar after their manner, ran in with Water and Hatchets: When finding so fair an opportunity, we gave *Agamemnon* the slip, and scamper'd off, as it had been a real Fire.



I

---

---

*That which follows, is  
Translated by Mr.  
Burnaby, of the  
Middle-Temple.*

---

**N**OT a Star appear'd to direct  
us in our way, nor would the  
dead of the Night give us  
hopes of meeting a Stranger that could ;  
with these, the Wine we had drank, and  
our ignorance of the place, even in the  
day time, conspir'd to mis-direct us.  
When we had wander'd almost an hour,  
with our Feet all bloody, over sharp  
pebbles and broken hills of gravel, *Gyto's*  
diligence at last deliver'd us : for the day  
before, fearing we might be at a loss,  
† B tho'

*The SATYR of*

tho' we had the Sun to our help, he had providently mark'd every Post and Pillar with a Chalk, the greatest darkness was not able to obscure, by whose shining whiteness we found our way. But we had as many fears after we got to an Inn; for the Hostess, having drank a little too long with her Guests, had so intirely lost her Senses, a burning could not have made her feel; that, perhaps, we had been forc'd to have taken up our Lodging in the Street, if a Letter-Carrier that belong'd to *Trimalchio*, with ten Carriages of his Master's Revenue, had not come in the mean time; who without much ado beat down the door, and let us in at the same gap.

After we enter'd the Bed-Chamber, having plentifully feasted; prest by impatient Nature, I took my *Gyto* aside; and, wrapt in Pleasures, spent the Night.

*Woo can the Charms of that blest Night declare,  
How soft ye Gods! our warm Embraces were?  
We hugg'd, we cling'd, and thro' each other's Lips,  
Our Souls, like meeting Streams, together mixt;  
Farewell the World, and all its Pageantry!  
When I, a Mortal! so begin to Dye.*

'Tis

'Tis without Reason I hug my self;  
for *Ascylos*, the cause of all my Misfor-  
tunes, seeing me Drunk, and incapable  
to hold my Prize, stole the Boy from my  
Bed, and conveying him to his own,  
freely enjoy'd another's Right: *Gyto*, not  
sensible of the change, or dissembling it,  
in a Stranger's Arms slept, secure of our  
mutual Contract. When I arose, find-  
ing my self robb'd of all; if there's any  
Truth in a Lover, I had half an inclina-  
tion to Murder both, and send them  
snoring into t'other world: But follow-  
ing a securer Thought, I rais'd *Gyto* with  
blows, and looking as sternly as I  
cou'd upon *Ascylos*, thus address'd my  
self: Since you've play'd the Villain by  
your Treachery, and breaking the com-  
mon Laws of Friendship, pack up your  
Matters quickly, and find another Com-  
rade to abuse.

*Ascylos* consented; and, after we had  
made an exact division of our Booty;  
now, says he, let's share the Boy too:  
I believ'd it a jest at parting, but, he with  
a Murderous resolution, drew his Sword,  
nor shall you, added he, think to ingross  
this prize, which should, like the rest, be  
common to us both. I must have my  
share, or with this Sword will be con-

tent to take it. Upon which, on the other side, having twisted my gown under my arm, I made advances to Ingage.

The unhappy Boy rush'd between, and, Kissing both our knees, with tears, entreated, that we would not expose \* our selves in a pitiful Alehouse, nor with our blood pollute the Rites of so dear a Friendship: but, raising his voice, says he, if there must be Murder, behold my naked bosom, hither direct your fury: 'Tis I deserve death, who violated the sacred Laws of Friendship.

Upon which we sheath'd our Swords; and first *Ascyltos*, I'll, says he, end the difference: Let the Boy himself follow the man he likes, that, in chusing a Friend, at least, he may have an unquestion'd liberty.

I, that presum'd so long an acquaintance, had made no slight impressions on his Nature, was so far from fearing, that with an eager haste I accepted the proffer, and to the Judge committed the dispute: *Gyto*, that he might not seem to consider, at my consent jump'd up, and Chose *Ascyltos*.

I, like one thunderstruck, at the sentence, void of defence, fell upon the bed; and had not surviv'd the loss, if  
 envy



envy of my Rival had not stopp'd my Sword.

*Ascylos*, proud of the conquest, goes off with the Prize, leaving me expos'd in a strange place, that a little before he caress'd as a Friend and sharer of his Fortune.

'Tis in the World, as 'in a Game at Chess;  
We serve our Friends but where our profit is.  
When Fortune smiles, we're yours, and yours alone;  
But when she frowns, the servile Herd are gone.  
So, in a Play, they Act with mimick Art,  
Father, or Son, or griping Misers part:  
But when at last the Comick Scenes are o're,  
They quit the Visards they assum'd before.

Nor did I there very long complain, for fearing one *Menalaus*, an Usher of a School, might, among other Misfortunes, find me alone in the Inn, I made up my Waller, and, very pensive, took me a Lodging in a private place near the Sea: there, after I had been mew'd up for three days, reflecting afresh on my despis'd and abject condition, I beat my breast, as sick as it was; and, when my deep sighs would suffer me, often cry'd out; Why has not the Earth burst open, and swallow'd me?

Why

Why has not the Sea o'rewhelm'd me, that respects not even the Innocent themselves? Have I been a Murderer? when I had violated *Lycas's* Wife, have I fled justice? have I escap'd even when I was condemn'd to Dye, to live in a strange place, to have my Name recorded only among Beggars and Vagabonds? and who condemn'd me to this solitude?— A Boy! One who is a prostitute to all manner of Lust; and by his own confession deserves to dye; whom Sodomy has enobl'd from a Slave; who was publickly contracted with as a Girl, by one that knew he was of the other Sex: and what a wretch is that other, ye Gods! whom, when he might have writ Man, his Mother perswaded even out of his Sex, and putting on Petty-coats, was condemn'd to a Maids Office in a Prison: who, after he had spent what he had, and chang'd the scene of his Lust; having contracted an old Friendship, basely left it; and, frontless impudence! like a hot Whore, for one night's pleasure, sold his Friend. Now the Lovers lye whole nights lockt in each others arms, and who knows but in those intervals they recruit their weary'd Strength, may laugh at me: but they shan't go off so, for if I'm a man, or a free-

freeborn one at least, I'll make their blood compensate the injury.

Having thus said, I girt on my Sword; and lest I should be too weak to maintain the war, encourag'd my self with a lusty Meal, and making out of doors, like one posselt, search'd every place: but whilst, with a wild distracted countenance, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter; and oft with execrations laying my hand on my Sword, a Souldier, perhaps some Cheat or Padder, observ'd me, and making up to me, askt to what Regiment or Company I, his Brother Souldier, belong'd? when, with a good assurance, I had cheated him into a belief of the Regiment and Company; well, but Friend, *said he*, looking down, doe the Souldiers of your Company walk in such shoes? I began to look guilty, and by my trembling discover'd the Lye I had told him: upon which he made me lay down my Arms, and bid me take care of the worst. Thus stript, nay and thus rob'd of my Revenge, I return'd to my Lodging, where by degrees my fears abating, I began in my mind to thank the Robber.

'But finding it difficult 'to wean my 'self from the love of Revenge, I spent 'half the night very pensively; and rising

'by day-break, to ease me of my grief, and thoughts of my injury, I rov'd about every where, till at last going into a publick Gallery, very wonderful for several sorts of excellent Painting; I saw some by *Zeuxy's* hand, that had not yet yielded to the injures of time: And, not without an awful reverence, behold others by *Protogenes*, which tho they were first tryals, yet disputed for exactness, even with Nature it self: but on the other side viewing a Celebrated Piece drawn by *Apelles*; I even ador'd the Work of so Great a Master: 'twas so correctly finisht to the life, you'd have sworn it an Image of the Soul too. One side gave the Story of the Eagle Bearing *Jupiter* to Heaven, the other the fair *Hylas* repelling the Addresses of the lew'd *Naiad*: in another part was *Apollo*, angry at himself for killing his Boy *Hyacinth*; and, to shew his love, crown'd his Harp with the Flower that sprung from his Blood.

In this Gallery, as in a Vision of living Images, I cry'd out; And are not the Gods themselves secure from love? *Jupiter* in his Seraglio above, not finding one that can please his appetite, sins upon Earth, yet injures nobody: the Nymph wou'd have stifi'd her passion for *Hylas*,  
had

had she believ'd the lusty *Hercules* wou'd have been his Rival: *Apollo* turns *Hya-cinth* into a Flower: and every Image enjoy'd its Wishes without a Rival: but I have care's'd, as the dearest Friend, the greatest Villian.

While I was thus talking to my self, there enter'd the Gallery an old Man, with a Face as pale as age had made his Hair; and seem'd, I know not how, to bring with him the air of a great soul; but viewing his Habit, I was easily confirm'd in my opinion, since Fortune seldom deals favourably with Learned Men. In short, he made up to me, and addressing himself, told me he was a Poet; and, as he hop'd, above the common herd: if, added he, my merrit don't suffer by Applause that's promiscuously given, to the good and bad.

Why therefore, interrupted I, are you so meanly Glad? On this account return'd he, because Learning never made any man rich.

*The Merchant's profit well rewards his toil :*  
*The Souldier crowns his Labours with the Spoil :*  
*To servile Flattery we Altars raise :*  
*And the kind Wife her Stallion ever pays :*

*But*

# The SATYR of

*But starving Wit in rags takes barren pain :  
And, dying, seeks the Muses Aid in vain.*

'Tis certain, added he, that a Lover of Virtue, on the account of his singularity, meets with contempt ; for who can approve what differs from himself ? And that those who admire Riches, wou'd fain possess every body, that nothing is more reasonable than their Opinion ; whence they ridicule, as well as they can, the Learned few ; that they, like themselves, might seem within the power of Money.

' I don't know, how Learning and 'Poverty become Relations, said I, and 'sigh'd : You justly lament, return'd 'he, the condition of Scholars.

' You mistake me, said I, that's not 'the occasion of my sighs, there's another, and much greater Cause : And, as 'all Men are Naturally inclin'd to communicate their grief ; I laid open my 'Case to him, beginning with : *Ascyrtos's* 'Treachery, which I aggravated ; and, with repeated sighs, often wish't his Injustice to me might have deserv'd pardon : but that now he was a staunch Villain, and in Lust more subtle than the Bawds themselves.

' The



'The Old Man, seeing me sincere, began to comfort me; and the better to effect it, told me what formerly had happen'd to himself on the like occasion

When I was in *Asia*, began he, I Lodg'd at the House of one *Pergamus*: where the Entertainment did not tempt me to stay so much, as a very beautiful Boy I saw there, Son to the Master of the house: my contrivance was to act the Lover, unsuspected by the Father: and to effect my Wilhes, I us'd this method: when ever in their mirth they happen'd to mention the use of beautiful Boys, I dissembl'd such a horror of it, and with that severe concern pretended my modesty suffer'd by such discourse, that the Mother, especially, lookt upon me as a Philosopher, that was above the little pleasures of the world. Upon this I was desir'd to be Tutor to the Boy, not only to instruct him in a Method of study, but imform his Mind with Principles of Honour and Honesty, lest they should by accident entertain some man that might have wicked designs on his body.

There happen'd a Solemn Festival, whose sports entertain'd us so long, that  
excus'd

excus'd my being in the Bed-Chamber with him at Mid-night : when finding him not yet a-sleep, in a timorous whisper addressing my self to *Venus*, Mistress of our desires, *said I*, Could I have the happiness to Kiss the Boy, and he not know it to-morrow, I'll present him with a pair of Turtles.

Hearing the Reward, he began to snore; upon which, I greedily seiz'd my wishes: satisfi'd with this beginning, early the next morning, the Boy expecting it, I perform'd my promise. The Night after, having the same opportunity, I advanc'd my desires; and if I cou'd with my hand, *said I*, but rub him up, and he not know it, I'll have a pair of Game-Cocks at his Service: At this, the Boy turn'd to me, and I believe, was half afraid I shou'd fall a sleep before I had done: I soon undeceiv'd him, and with inexpressible pleasure injoy'd my wishes: the day following, he gladly receiv'd what I promis'd him: The third Night, I had the like access to him, and proceeding to a bolder liberty, put my Mouth to his Ear, (who was repeating his Dog-sleep) and, ye Gods! *said I*, could I now seize that wisht for joy entire, that neither dare, nor can be express

to morrow, I'll present him with a *Turkish-Barb*, on this condition that he does not feel me ; upon which, he dissembled the securest Sleep I ever knew: wild to enjoy, I prest his snowy breasts, that swelling seem'd to meet my hands, and, half smothering him with Kisses, hasten'd to that last and greatest joy that bounded all my wishes : The Morning after, he waited as he us'd in the Bed-Chamber, expecting me : You may imagine, the Turtles and Cocks were easier to be purchast, than so fine a Horse : but beside the Charge, I fear'd so great a Present, might make my Honourable pretensions for the Boy suspected : on this account, I delay'd my Visit some hours ; when going to him, waving the usual Ceremonies, I only Kist him ; the Boy, as his Arms were about my neck, looking round ; I beseech you, Sir, *said he*, where's the Horse ?

' The difficulty of getting a Fine one, *return'd I*, made me defer the Present, ' but in a few days I'll be as good as my ' word: the Boy well knew the meaning ' of my delay, and his Countenance betray'd a Resentment.

This breach of my word put a stop to the Commerce, but Fortune regain'd it ;  
for

for not many days after, another Festival gave me the same priviledge I had at first: tir'd with sports, when I found his Father asleep, I began to ask the Boy to be Friends with me, that is, that he wou'd give me the Favours he had kept from me, or any thing impatient Nature shou'd inspire: he, perfectly angry, gave me no other Answer, than, If you won't Lye still, I'll call to my Father; but Lust forces thro' all difficulties, tho' he was saying I'll call to my Father, I rusht upon him, and, meeting with a faint resistance, seiz'd the joy. He was not displeas'd with my vigour, but after a long complaint that he was cheated, laugh't at and should beabus'd among his Schoolfellows, whom he had possess't with an opinion of my being very rich, since I had promis'd him a Horse: To shew you, added he, that you shan't meet with the same ingratitude from me, if you have inclinations to repeat your Wishes, do it freely: I, laying aside all quarrels, was easily Friends with him, and having us'd the liberty he gave me, fell asleep: but he that was now in his prime, and fit for action, not satisfied, raising, me, askt whether I wou'd no more? it was yet no troublesome province to me: and when his short breathing, with much sweat, confess't he  
had

he had enough for that bout; tir'd with pleasure, I fell asleep agen: 'twas hardly an hour e're he was pushing me with his Elbow, and crying, we lose time: I was in a great passion to be so often disturb'd, and turn'd his own words upon him, Lye still, or I'll call to your Father.

This discourse diverting my grief, I began to question the old Gentleman about the Antiquity of some Pieces, the Stories of others I was not acquainted with, the Reason why this Age don't come up to the former, and why the most excellent Arts are lost, of which Painting has not left the least sign of its being? Our love of Riches, reply'd he, has been the only occasion: for in old time, when Virtue was admir'd for its own sake, all Liberal Arts flourish'd, and the only emulation among Men, was to make Discoveries that might profit the Age. 'Twas in those times *Democritus*, content with Poverty, found out the Vertue of most Herbs; and lest there might be any hidden Excellence in Stones and Trees, spent the rest of his Life in Experiments about them: 'Twas then *Eudoxus* abandon'd the World, to live on the top of a high Mountain, to discover



discover the motions of the Heavens and *Crisippus*, the better to qualify his mind for invention, went thrice through a course of Physick.

But to return to Imagery, *Lyfippus* with that diligence imploy'd himself about one Statue, that, neglecting his Living, he dyed, for want: and *Myron*, whose brazen Images of Men and beasts, you might have mistaken for living ones, dy'd very poor: but our Age is so wholly devoted to Drinking and Whoring, we're so far from inventing, that we don't acquaint our selves even with those Arts that are found to our hands: But, accusing, Antiquity our Schools become Seminaries of Vice only: what's our Logick? How little do we know of Astronomy? Where's our Philosopher? What Master of Eloquence could induce to hear it so murdered in a Pulpit? What Wise Man cou'd suffer the noise? Our business in the Temple is not to inform our minds, or correct our lives; but as soon as we enter the place, one out of love to his Friend, being made his Heir, promises a Sacrifice to the Gods, if they'd please to take him out of this troublesome world; another, if they'd direct him to a Treasure: the like a  
third



third promises if they'd make him happy in a small Estate of 300. *l. per An.* or so: The very Senate that shou'd show an Exemplary Conduct, in Occasions of doubtful Events, have devoted mighty sums of Gold to Religious uses: And who wou'd not but admire, that, he is perswaded hath Charms enough to make the Gods themselves comply! You need not wonder why Painting is lost, when Gold appears more beautiful both to Gods and Men, than any thing *Apelles* or *Phidias* are now esteem'd madly to have spent their time about: But seeing your Curiosity is wholly taken up with that piece, that shews you a contracted History of the Siege of *Troy*: I'll try to give you the Story more at large in Verse.

*Now Troy had felt a Siege of Ten long Tears,  
Concern and Sorrow in each Face appears:*

*The Grecian Prophet too, with Terror fill'd,  
What Fate decreed, but doubtfully reveal'd:*

*When thus Apollo* —————

*From the proud Top of Ida's rising Hill  
A lofty Pile of mighty Cedars fell,*

## The SATYR of

*Whose Trunks into a dreadful Fabrick force,  
And, let it bear the Figure of a Horse :  
The spacious hollows, of whose Mountain-Womb,  
The Choice and Flower of your Troops Entomb.*

*The Greeks, enrag'd to be so long repell'd,  
With their chief Troops the Beasts vast Bowels  
fill'd,*

*And thus their Arms and all their Hopes conceal'd.*

*Strange was the Fate that rul'd unhappy Troy,  
Who thought them gone, and lasting Peace t'enjoy.*

*So the Inscription of the Machine said,  
And Treacherous Synon, for our ruin made.*

*All from their Arms at once, and troubles run  
To view the Horse, and left th' unguarded Town :  
So over-joy'd they wept : Thus even fears  
When joy surprizes, melt away in Tears.*

*Enrag'd Laocoon, with Prophetick heat,  
Prest thro' the Crowd, that on his Humour wait ;  
And with a Javelin pierc'd the fatal Horse,  
But Fate retards the blow, and stopt its force :  
The Spear jump't back upon the Priest, so nigh,  
It gave new Credit to the Treachery.*

*Tet to confirm how weak was the attempt  
'Gainst what the Gods will have, his Javelin sent,  
Resum'd with double fury, thro' his side,  
And the large Concave of the Machine try'd :*

*When*

# Titus Petronius Arbiter.

19

*When from within the Captive Grecians roar ;  
 And the Beast trembles with anothers fear.  
 Yet to the Town the Present they convey,  
 Thus a new Stratagem does Troy betray ;  
 While to the Taken, she becomes a Prey.  
 But other Monsters there enform our Eyes,  
 What mighty Seas from Tenedos arise !  
 The frighted Neptune seems to seek the Shore,  
 With such a noise, with such a dreadful roar :  
 As in a silent Night, when, from afar,  
 The dismal sound of Wrecks invades the Ear :  
 When rolling on the Waves two mighty Snakes,  
 Unhappy Troy descry'd ; whose circling Stroaks,  
 Had drove the swelling surges on the Rocks.  
 Like lofty Ships they on the Billows ride,  
 And with rais'd Breasts the foaming Flood divide :  
 Their Crests they brandish and red Eye-balls raise,  
 That all around dispend a Sulphurous Blaze.  
 To Shore advancing, now the Waves appear  
 All Fire ; unwonted ratlings fill the Air.  
 The Ocean trembles at their dreadful Hiss ;  
 All are amaz'd : When in a Trojan Dress ;  
 And holy Wreaths their sacred Temples bind,  
 Laocoon's Sons were by the Snakes entwin'd :  
 Now t'wards Heaven their Little Hands are  
 thrown  
 Each for his Brother, not himself does moan,  
 And prays to save his ruin by his own.*

## The SATYR of

Both dye at last, thro' fear each other shou'd;  
 And to give Death a greater Pomp, the Good  
 Laocoon to their rescue vainly run, (Ground  
 Now gorg'd with Death, they drag him on the  
 Up to the Altar, where devoted lies  
 The Priest himself, a panting Sacrifice.  
 Thus with his Blood the Temple they prophane;  
 Losing their Gods, Troy's ruin thus began:  
 Now the bright Taper of the Night appears  
 Gayly attended with a train of Stars:  
 When midst the Trojans, dead in Sleep and Wine,  
 The Grecians Execute their dire Design:  
 When from the open'd Caverns of the Horse,  
 Like a large flood, their hidden Troops did gush;  
 And now deliver'd, leave their Horse and fear,  
 With the same wanton motions Colts appear:  
 When from the Plow, and heavy Collar freed,  
 They shake their rising Crests, and try their speed.  
 Their Swords they Brandish, and their Shields  
 they rear,  
 And fix their Helmets, then begin the War:  
 A Party here o'th' Drunken Trojans light,  
 And send them snoring to Eternal Night;  
 Another there now make their Altars smoke,  
 And against Troy, Troy's Guardian Gods in-  
 voke.

When

When *Eumolpus* had gone thus far in his Story, the People that were walking there, began to sling Stones at him: But he, conscious of his Merit, cover'd his Head, and took up his Heels: I, fearing they wou'd have taken me for a Poet too, made after him: When we were out of Stone shot of the Enemy, I beseech you, Sir, said I, what will you do with this Disease of yours? I don't wonder at the Peoples humour, since I have hardly been acquainted with you two hours, and your Entertainment has been more Poetry, than the Conversation of a Man. I think I must fill my Pocket with Stones, that when I perceive you going into a Fit, I may bleed you in the Head for it, with one of 'em.

He turn'd to me, and, Dear Child, said he, I rose to day without consulting my Fortune; tho' 'tis confest I seldom appear even on the Stage, but such a Mobb as this are Laughing at me: But that I may not be at difference with you too, I'll tye my self up from this humour of Poetry: Well, well, said I, on that condition I Sup with you; upon which, going into the poor Cottage I lodg'd at, we order'd the Master of it to get us a Supper, and in the mean time

we went to the Bagnio, where I saw *Gito* standing against the Wall, with Towels and Rubbing-Brushes in his hand; his troubled Countenance easily perswaded me he serv'd on Compulsion: As soon as he saw me, with joy Addressing himself, he told me, that since I was not in that Martial posture that once frighted him to belye his Affections, he cou'd freely speak to me, upon which he entreated me to pity his Circumstances; and, if I cou'd but deliver him from so Barbarous a Master, since he was now sorry he was forc'd to be my judge, I might take my satisfaction in any Punishment I'de please to inflict; for, added he, if I must dye, 'twill be comfort enough to so unhappy a Wretch to think that you are pleas'd in't.

I desir'd him wave his Complaints, lest our Design shou'd be discover'd, and leaving *Eumolpus* (for in the *Bath* he was versifying), we made off thro' a dirty Back-Entry, as privately as we could to my Lodgings: Where, shutting the Door, I threw my Arms about his neck, and, tho' he was all in tears, half smother'd him with Kisses: Thus we continu'd without a word from either side: *Gito's* repeated Sobs so disturb'd him, he could  
not



not speak: When after a long time spent in that posture, how unaccountable is it, began I, to Love him that once forsook me! and that in this Breast I shou'd feel so great a Wound, yet have no sign of its being there! what's your pretence for chusing *Ascylltos*? Have I deserv'd such usage?

After he found I still had Love for him, he began to look less concern'd: When, added I, I'm so far from desiring an Umpire to judge of th' ingratitude of your Choice, that I neither complain of, or design to remember it; if I find you sincere.

I cou'd not tell him this without a Tear: When, wiping his face, says he, *Eucolpius*, I appeal to your Memory, whether I left you, or you betray'd me. I must confess, and hope you can't blame me; when I saw two at Daggers-Draw-ing, that I ran to the strongest.

I cou'd not but admire his Wit, and to convince him of a perfect Reconciliation, seal'd it with repeated Kisses.

'Twas now quite dark, and our Supper was Dishing up; when *Eumolpus* knock'd at the Door: I ask'd how many there was of 'em: And took an opportunity through a Chink, to see whether

*Ascyrtos* was with him: But finding him alone, I soon open'd the Door: He had hardly fixt himself on his Couch, when seeing *Gito* in waiting, on my word, said he, a very *Ganymed*; sure *Eucolpius*, you'll have no reason to complain to day.

I did not like so observing an entry; and was afraid I had entertain'd another *Ascyrtos*. *Eumolpus* pursuing his Humour, when the Boy fill'd him a Glas, I had rather, said he, be in possession of thee, than the whole *Bagnio*; and greedily drinking it off, the heat I've been in, added he, made this the pleasantest Draught I ever took: For to deal freely with ye, I narrowly scap'd a beating, for attempting, when I was in the *Bath*, to deliver my Thoughts of it in Verse: And after I was turn'd out of the *Bagnio*, as I us'd to be out of the *Theatre*; I search'd every place, crying as loud as I cou'd, *Eucolpius*, *Eucolpius*: A Naked Youth that had lost his Cloaths, as strongly Echo'd back to me, *Gito*, *Gito*: The Boys, believing me Mad, ridicul'd me with their Mimikry: But the other was attended with a great Concourse of People, that with an awful Admiration prais'd the Youth: For Nature had so largely qualify'd him for a Lover, his  
Body

Body seem'd but as the Skirt of the mighty Member it bore: A lusty Rogue! I'll warrant, he'd maintain the Field four and twenty hours! He therefore soon found relief; for some Debauch'd Spark, a *Roman Knight*, as was reported, flung his Cloak over him, and took him home, with hopes I presume to engross so great a prize: But I was so far from meeting such Civility, that even my own Cloaths were kept from me, till I brought one that knew me, to satisfie 'em in my Character: So much more profitable 'tis to improve the Body, than the Mind.

Whilst *Eumolpus* was telling his Story, I often chang'd Countenance: Looking glad at the ill Fortune of my Rival, but troubled at his good: Yet did not interrupt him, lest he shou'd discover my Concern; and when he had done, I told him what we had for Supper.

'I had hardly given him an account, 'e're our Entertainment came in: 'Twas 'common homely Food, but very nourishing: Our half starv'd Doctor attack'd it very briskly, but when he had 'well fill'd himself, began to tell us, Philosophers were above the World; and 'to ridicule those that condemn every 'thing,

' thing, because 'tis common, and only  
 ' admire those things that are difficult to  
 ' be had: These Vicious Appetites, added he, that despise what they can cheaply come by, never taste any thing pure, but, like sick Men, love only those things that are hurtful to 'em.

*What's soon obtain'd, we nauseously receive,  
 All hate the Victory that's got with leave:  
 We scorn the Goods our happy Isle brings forth,  
 But love whatever is of foreign growth:  
 Not that the Fish that distant Waters feed,  
 Do those excel that in our Climate breed;  
 But these are Cheaply taken, those came far,  
 With difficulty got, and cost us dear:  
 Thus the kind She, abroad, we admire above  
 To' insipid Lump, at Home, of Lawful Love:  
 Yet once enjoy'd, we strait a new desire,  
 And absent Pleasures only do admire.*

Is this, said I, interrupting him, what you promis'd, that you wou'd not versifie to day agen? I beseech you, Sir, at least spare us that never pelted you: For if any of the Inn shou'd find we have a Poet in our Company, the whole Neighbourhood wou'd be rais'd, and we shou'd dye Martyrs for a wrong Opinion:

nion: If nothing else will make you pity us, think of the *Galery* and *Bath* you came from: when I had treated him after this rate, the good Natur'd *Gito*, correcting me, said, I did very ill to rail at a Man so much my Elder; and that having offer'd a Gentleman the Curtesie of my Table, I shou'd not so far forget good breeding, to affront him when he came: With many the like Expressions, attended with a blush at their delivery, that extremely became him.

Happy the Woman, said *Eumolpus*, that's blest with such a Son! Heaven encrease your Virtue; so much sence, and so much beauty we seldom meet with in any one Person: But, lest you shou'd think your Civility thrown away, you have found a Lover for it: I'll give the World your Praises in Verse: I'll be your Servant, your Gardian, and will follow you every where: Nor can *Eucolpius* think himself injur'd, he Loves another.

*Eumolpus* was oblig'd to the Souldier that robb'd me of my Sword, else I had turn'd the fury upon him I meant for *Ascylos*: *Gito* reading it in my Countenance, under pretence of fetching Water, prudently withdrew: And allay'd my

my heat, by removing one cause of it: But my rage reviving, *Eumolpus*, said I, I had rather have heard even your Verses, than you propose to your self such hopes: I am very Passionate, and you are very Lustful: Consider how improbable 'tis we shou'd agree; believe therefore, I am mad, and humour the Phrenzy; that is, be gone immediately.

At this *Eumolpus* was in great Confusion, and, without asking the occasion of my Passion, presently made out: But drawing the Door after him, what I did not in the least suspect, he lock'd me in, and stealing the Key out of the Door, ran in pursuit of *Gito*.

The Rage I was in to be so abus'd, put me upon Hanging my self; and having ty'd an Apron, I found in the Room, to the Bed-stead, committed my Neck to the Noose I had made with its Strings: When *Eumolpus* and *Gito* came to the Door, and entering, prevented my Design: *Gito*, his Grief growing to a Rage, made a great out-cry, and forcing me on the Bed, you're mistaken, said he, *Eucolpius*, if you fancy it possible for you to dye before me: I was first in the Design, and had not surviv'd my choice of *Ascyrtos*; if I had met with  
an



an Instrument of Death: But had not you come to my Relief in the *Bath*, I had resolv'd to throw my self out of the Window: And that you may know how ready Death is to wait those that desire it; see—I've got that you so lately endeavour'd.

Upon which, having snatch'd a Razor from *Eumolpus's* Servant, he struck three or four times at his Throat, and fell down before us; frightned at the Accident, I cry'd out, and falling upon him e're he had reach'd the Ground, with the same Weapon endeavour'd to follow him: But neither had *Gito* any appearance of a Wound, nor did I feel my self hurt: For it happen'd to be a dull Razor, design'dly made so, to prepare Learners of the Art to handle a sharper: Which was the reason *Eumolpus* did not offer to prevent our Mimick Deaths, nor his Man look concern'd when the Razor was snatch'd from him.

While this Scene was Acting, the Inn-Keeper came in upon us, with the other part of our Supper; and viewing the obscene posture we were in, I beseech you, Sirs, said he, are ye Drunk, or have fled Justice, and are Acting it on your selves, or both? ho! who was going to make a  
Gibet

Gibet of the Bed? What private designs are here on foot? What——was your going out but now with intent to Bilk me? But you shall feel for't: I'll soon make ye know who rules here.

What, you Rascal, Crys *Eumolpus*, do you threat too? And without more ado flung his Fist in his face: The Inn-Keeper took up an Earthen Pitcher we so oft had empty'd, and sending it at *Eumolpus*, broke his Forehead, and immediately ran down Stairs: *Eumolpus*, impatient of Revenge, snatching up a great Wooden Candlestick, made after him; and pouring his blows very thick on the Inn-Keeper, repair'd the injury with Interest: This alarm'd the whole House, and whilst the rest of his Guests, that by this time were most of 'em Drunk; ran to see what was the matter, taking an opportunity to revenge the injury *Eumolpus* had offer'd me, I lock'd him out; and turning thus his trick upon himself, at once, enjoy'd the Bed and Board without a Rival.

In the mean time, the Islanders (that came in at the bustle) and Cooks with all their Kitchen Artillery set upon *Eumolpus*: One throws at his head a hot Spit with the Meat on't; another with

a Pitchfork puts himself in a Martial posture against him; but especially a Blear-Ey'd Old Woman, who tucking up the dirty Apron she had about her, with one Shoe on, and another off, hall'd a great Mastiff and set him at *Eumolpus*: But with the wooden Candlestick he defended himself against all his Enemies.

We saw all through a Hole they had made by wrenching the Latch from the Door: I wish'd him well you may imagine; but *Gito* had Compassion, and would have succour'd the Distrest *Eumolpus*; upon which, my Rage continuing, I gave his pitying Head two or three blows with my Fist; he sate down on the Bed and cry'd: But I so eagerly ply'd the Hole, I made my Eyes relieve each other; and, encouraging the People against him, with great satisfaction beheld the conflict: when the Bailiff of the Island, one *Bargates*, whom the Scuffle had rais'd from Supper; was brought into the Room, supported by others Legs, for he was so troubl'd with the Gout, he cou'd not use his own: And having in his Clownish manner, with a great deal of heat, made a long Harangue against Drunkards and Vagabonds, looking on *Eumolpus*, ha! what is it you, says he,  
the

the Excellent Poet? What——has these Rogues been abusing you all this while? , At what time he goes up to *Eumolpus*, and in a whisper, I have a Maid, says he, that flouts at me when I ask her the Question; Prithee, if you have any Love for me, abuse her in a Copy of Verses till she's asham'd of her self.

While *Eumolpus* was thus engag'd with *Bargates*, the Cryer of the Town, and some other Officer, attended with a great Concourse of People, entred the Inn; and, shaking a smoaky rather than lighted Torch he carried, mouths out this; viz.

*Not long ago run away from the Bath, a very pretty Boy, with curl'd Hair, by Name, Gito.*

*If any Man, or Woman, in City, or Country, can tell Tale or Tidings of him, shall have for his Reward 1000 Sesterces.*

Not far from the Cryer, stood *Ascylos*, Clad with a Coat of many Colours; who, to incourage any Discoverer, held the Reward in a Silver Charger before him.

Upon

Upon this, I order'd *Gito* to steal under the Bed, and thrust his Feet and Hands through the Cords; that, as *Ulysses* formerly hid in a Sheep's Hide, so extended he might cheat the Searchers.

*Gito* immediately obey'd the motion, and fixing himself, as I directed, out-did *Ulysses* in his Native Art: But, that I might leave no room for Suspicion, I so dispos'd the Bed-Cloaths, that none could believe more than my self had lain there.

We had just done, when *Ascyrtos*, with a Beadle, having search'd the other Chambers, came to ours, which gave him greater hopes, because he found the Door so barr'd: But the Petty Officer he brought, with an Iron Crow, forc'd it open.

Upon *Ascyrtos's* Entry, I threw my self at his feet, and beseech'd him, if he had any memory of our past Friendship; or any respect for one that had shar'd Misfortunes with him, he wou'd at least let me see the still dear *Gito*: And to give my sham-intreaties a better colour, I see, says I, *Ascyrtos*, you are come with Designs on my Life; for to what other end could you bring those Ministers of Justice? Therefore satisfy your Rage,

† D

behold

behold my naked Bosom, let out that Blood, which, under pretence of a search, you come to seek.

*Afcyltos*, now laying aside his old grudge to me; profess'd he came in pursuit of nothing but *Gito*, that had run from him; nor desir'd the Death of any Man, much more of one that falls before him; and whom, after a fatal Quarrel with him, he held most dear.

The Petty Officer was not so easie to me, for taking a Stick out of the Inn-Keeper's hand, he felt under the Bed with it, and run it into every Hole he found in the Wall: *Gito* drew his Body out of the Stick's way, and, breathing as gently as fear cou'd make him, held his Mouth close to the Cords.

They were hardly gone, e're *Eumolpus* bounc'd in upon us, for the broken Door cou'd stop no body; and, in a great heat, cry'd out, I'll earn the Reward: I'll make after the Cryer, and let him know how soon *Gito* may be in his Custody.

*Eumolpus* pursuing his design, I kist his Knees, and intreated him not to anticipate the end of dying Men; you wou'd be justly angry, added I, if you shou'd discover to 'em how you are deceiv'd:



ceiv'd: The Boy run into the Crowd  
undiscover'd, and where he is gone, my  
self can't suspect. I beseech you, *Eumol-*  
*pus*, bring back the Boy, or at least re-  
store him even to *Ascyltos*.

Just as I had work'd him to a belief,  
*Gito*, with restraining his breath, snees'd  
thrice so thoroughly, that he shook the  
Bed; at which *Eumolpus*, turning about,  
saluted him with, God bless you, Sir;  
and, taking the Bedding aside, saw the  
little *Ulysses*, who might have rais'd Com-  
passion, even in a Blood-thirsty *Cyclops*;  
then looking upon me, Thou Villain, says  
he, how have you sham'd me? Durst  
you not tell truth, even when you was  
catch'd in a Roguery? If some God, that  
has the care of Humane Affairs, had not  
forc'd the Boy to discover himself, I had  
wander'd in search of him to a fine pur-  
pose. But *Gito*, that cou'd fawn much  
better than I, took a Cobweb dipt in  
Oyl, and apply'd to the Wound in his  
Forehead: And, changing his torn Coat  
for his own Mantle, imbrac'd the now  
reconcil'd *Eumolpus*, and stuck to his Lips;  
at last he spoke, and, Our Lives, said he,  
most indulgent Father, our Lives are  
in your power; if you love your *Gito*,  
convince him that you do, by preserv-

ing him: O! could I now meet a Grave  
in flames or waves, that I, the only  
cause of all, might end your Quarrels  
with my life.

*Eumolpus*, concern'd at our grief, and  
particularly mindful of *Gito's* tenderness  
to him; surely, says he, y' are the great-  
est of Fools, who have Souls enrich'd  
with Virtues, that may make ye hap-  
py, yet live a continu'd Martyrdom,  
raising to your selves every day new Oc-  
casions of grief; I, wherever I am, make  
my Life as pleasant and free from trouble,  
as if I expected no more of it: If you'll  
imitate me, never let Cares disturb your  
Quiet. And to avoid *Ascylos* that haunts  
ye in these parts, I am taking a Voyage  
to a Foreign Country, and shou'd be glad  
of your Company: I believe to morrow  
Night I shall go on board the Vessel:  
I am very well known there, and you  
need not doubt of a Civil Entertain-  
ment.

His advice appear'd to me both wise,  
and profitable; for at once it deliver'd  
me from *Ascylos*, and gave me hopes  
of living more happy: Thus oblig'd by  
*Eumolpus's* good nature, I was sorry for  
the late injury I had done him, and be-  
gan

'gan to repent I appear'd his Rival, since  
'it had occasion'd so many Disasters.

At last, with Tears, I beseech'd him  
to be Friends with me too, for that it  
was not in a Rival's power to bound his  
Rage; yet, that I wou'd try neither to  
say, or do any thing that may offend  
him: And hop'd so wi'e and good a  
Man as he, wou'd leave in his Mind no  
sign of a former Quarrel: For 'twas with  
Men as with Countrys, on rude and neg-  
lected Grounds Snows lay very long,  
but where the fruitful Earth was im-  
prov'd by Culture, they presently melt  
off, and hardly leave a Print behind:  
Thus unfashion'd Minds can't discharge  
their Passions suddenly, but where Souls  
are enrich'd with instruction, they but  
appear, and vanish.

And to confirm the Truth of what  
you say, return'd *Eumolpus*, all my heat  
expires in this Kiss; but, to prevent the  
designs of your Enemies, hasten with  
your Wallets, and either follow me, or,  
if ye like it, act the Leaders.

He had not done speaking, when, hear-  
ing the Door move, we turn'd about, and  
saw a Seaman, with a Beard that made  
him appear terribly Grim: who saluted  
*Eumolpus* with a Why dy'e stay, as if

† D 3

you

you did not know how near the time  
'twas?

All immediately prepare for the March,  
*Eumolpus* Loads his Servant, who had  
been all this while asleep; I, and *Gito*,  
pack'd our Things together, and, thank-  
ing our Stars, enter'd the Vessel.

'We fixt our selves, as much out of  
'the way as we could, under Deck;  
'and it being not yet day, *Eumolpus*  
'fell a-sleep: I, and *Gito*, cou'd not  
'take a wink: When reflecting afresh,  
'that I had harbour'd in my Acquain-  
'tance, a Rival more powerful than  
'*Ascylos*; I began to be much trou-  
'bled: But wisely allaying my Grief,  
'I thus reason'd with my self: Is it  
so troublesom, to share what we love?  
when the best of Nature's works are in  
common? The Sun throws his Rays on  
all. The Moon, with her infinite train of  
Stars, serves to light even Beasts to their  
Fodder: What below can boast an Ex-  
cellence of Nature above the Waters?  
Yet they flow in publick for the use of  
all: Only Love seems sweeter stol'n,  
than when it's given us: So it is, we  
esteem nothing, unless 'tis env'y'd by o-  
thers; but what have I to fear in a Ri-  
val, that Age and Impotence conspire to  
render

render disagreeable? Who, when he has an inclination, his Body jades under him before he can reach the Goal.

When I had cheated my self with this assurance, I muffled my Head in my Coat, and feign'd my self asleep: But on a sudden, as if Fortune had resolv'd to ruin my Quiet; I heard one above Deck groaning out: And has he scorn'd me? This struck me with a trembling, for it was a Man's voice, and one I was afraid I knew: But at a greater distance, with the same heat, I heard a Woman Lamenting: O that some God, said she, wou'd bring my *Gito* to my Arms; tho' he banish'd himself thence; how kindly wou'd I receive him!

So unexpected a thing drove the colour from our Cheeks: I especially, as in a Trance, was a long time speechless; when, trembling with fear, I pull'd *Enmolpus* by the Coat, who was now asleep; and I beseech you Father, said I, do you know the owner of this Vessel, or who the Passengers are? He was very angry to be disturb'd: And was it for this Reason, said he, that we chose the most private place in the Ship; that none but your self might disturb us: Or what will it signifie if I tell you, that

one *Lycas* a *Tarentine* owns her, and is carrying one *Tryphæna* to *Tarentum*?

For a while I stood like one Thunder-struck, when opening my Bosom, I trembling, cry'd out; At last, Fortune, you have ruin'd every part of me: For *Gitp*, my better half, lean'd on my Breast, as if he'd breath'd his last: When our sweating through fear, had a little recover'd our Spirits; I fell at *Eumolpus* feet, and inreated him to have Compassion of two dying Wretches: That is, to assist us in the Means of escaping the impending Mischief: Tho' Death, I added, wou'd be more grateful to us, if the Happiness of enjoying you, did not make us desire Life.

*Eumolpus* was glad to serve us, and swore by all that's sacred, he was privy to no Design against us; and that he had very innocently brought us hither, for no other end, than for our Company, having hir'd the Vessel before he was acquainted with us: But what designs on your Lives are here? added he, Or, have we a Pyrate *Hannibal* on board? *Lycas*, continu'd he, a very Honourable Man, is not only Master and owner of this Vessel, but of a good Estate; and having inclinations to Traffick, freights his Vessel



sel himself: Is this the terrible *Cyclops*? Is this the dreadful Cut-throat, we must pay our Carriage to? And besides him, is the Beautiful *Tryphæna* that other Emblem of Terrour, who for her pleasure only goes with *Lycas*.

These are the very two, reply'd *Gito*, we strove to avoid: And, in a low voice, made *Eumolpus*, that trembled at the Story, at once understand the Occasions of their Malice to us, and our present danger.

*Eumolpus* was so distracted in his thoughts, he cou'd not advise, but bid each of us give him his Opinion; and presume, says he, we had just enter'd the *Cyclops* Den, where *Jove's* Thunder-bolts are made. We must seek a means of delivery, except we design to free us from all Danger, by sinking the Vessel.

No, no, began *Gito*, rather offer the Pilot a Reward, to direct the Vessel to some Port: And affirm the Sea so disagrees with your Friend, that if he is not so Kind, you fear he'll dye: You may colour the pretence with Tears, and appear much concern'd, that, mov'd with Compassion, the Pilot may befriend you.

*Eumolpus*

*Eumolpus* reply'd, that could not be effected; for not only the difficulty of guiding so great a Ship to a Port, but a Suspicion he wou'd necessarily have, that his Friend cou'd not be so suddenly very ill, conspir'd against it: Then next, perhaps, *Lycas* wou'd have a Curiosity to visit his sick Passenger: Can you propose to escape by a means that will discover ye to him ye'd avoid? But presuming the Ship cou'd be stopt in her rapid Course, and that *Lycas* shou'd not visit his sick on Board: How can we get out, but all must see us? With our Heads muffled, or bare? if cover'd, we move every one to lend a hand to sick Persons; if bare, we discover our selves.

A desperate Disease, said I, must have a desperate Cure; I know no better Expedient of our delivery, than to slide into a long Boat, and cutting the Cord, leave the rest to Fortune: Nor do I desire *Eumolpus* to share the Danger: For what wou'd it signifie to involve an innocent Person in other Mens deserv'd Misfortunes? We shall think our selves happy, if Fortune be kind.

'Twas not ill advised, said *Eumolpus*, if it cou'd be done; for do you think to  
 stir

stir in the Ship unobserv'd, when the distant motion of the Stars themselves can't escape the Pilot's diligence? You must pass the only guarded part of the Ship, near which place the Rope that holds the Boat is tyed: Besides, *Eucolpius*, I wonder you did not remember that one Seaman was upon constant duty night and day in the Boat it self; nor will be mov'd from his Post, without you cut his Throat, or sling him over-board; which consider whether you can dare attempt; for my part, to go with you I would refuse no danger that could give me the least hopes of getting off; but to put so low a value on life, to throw it away as an useless thing, I believe even your selves are unwilling: Hear whether you like my Proposal, I'll put ye into two Mantles I have here, and making Holes to breathe and eat through, will place you amongst my other Goods for Baggage; next morning I allarm the whole Ship, crying out, my servants, fearing a greater punishment, in the night jump't into the Sea; that when the Ship made to land, I might carry you off for Baggage.

Very well, said I, but do you design to tye us as Stocks, within which Nature does not labour to be freed; or as those  
that

that use to sneeze and snore ? Or, because I once succeeded in a like deceit ? But suppose we cou'd hold out a day so ty'd up, what shall we do if we're put to't longer ? Will the thoughts of a quiet life without cares, or of our adverse fortune entertain us most ? our very Cloaths long bound up will rot upon our backs : Can we, d'ye think, that are young, and not inur'd to labour, endure to be clad like Statues, and wear our cords as insensibly ? Since we are yet to seek a way of escape, for no Proposal has been made without an objection; see what I have thought on: The studious *Eumolpus*, I presume, never goes unfurnisht with Ink ; is there a better Expedient, than washing our hands, face, and hair, with that, to appear like *Æthiopian* Slaves ? when without wringing our Limbs, we can't but be merry, to act a Cheat, that so neatly imposes on our enemies ?

And why wou'd not you have us Circumcis'd too, interrupted *Gito*, that we may appear like *Jews* ; and have our Ears bor'd, to perswade them we came from *Arabia* ? and why did not you advise our Faces to be Chalk'd as well as Ink'd, that we might pass for *Frenchmen*, as if our Colour would make such a mighty Alteration ?

teration? Has a Foreigner but one mark of distinction? Can you think any body so ignorant to mistake you for one, by that sign only? Grant our dawb'd faces wou'd keep their Colour: Suppose it wou'd not wash off, nor our Cloaths stick to the Ink, how can we imitate their black swollen Lips? the short curl of their hair? the seams on their foreheads? their circular way of treading? their splay feet? or the mode of their Beards? an artificial Colour rather stains than alters the body; but, if you'll be rul'd by a madman, let's cover our heads, and jump into the Sea.

Nor Heaven nor Man, cry'd *Eumolpus*, cou'd suffer ye make so ill an end; rather pursue this advice: My Slave, as you may imagin by the Razor, is a piece of a Barber; let him shave not only your Heads, but, as a mark of greater punishment, your Eye-brows too, and I'll finish your disguise with an Inscription on your Foreheads, that you may appear as Slaves branded for some extraordinary Villany: Thus the same Letters will at once divert their suspicion, and conceal your Countenances under the mask of punishment.

We lik'd the advice, and hasten'd the execution, when stealing to the side of  
the

the Vessel, we committed our Heads and Eye-brows to the Barber : *Eumolpus* in the mean time fill'd our Fore-heads with great Letters , and very liberally dispenc'd the known marks of Fugitives through the other parts of our Faces ; one of the Passengers, easing his o're-charg'd stomach o're the side of the Ship, by the Moon perceiving the reflection of a Barber busie at so unseasonable a time, and, cursing the Omen that he thought presag'd a Shipwrack, ran to his Hammock ; upon which we dissembled the same , but indeed had an equal though different concern ; and the noise over, we spent the rest of the night without resting much.

' The next day *Eumolpus* , when he  
' found *Tryphæna* was stirring, went to vi-  
' sit *Lycas* ; and after he had talk'd with  
' him about the happy Voyage he hop'd  
' from the clearness of the Heavens, *Lycas*,  
' turning to *Tryphæna*, Methoughts, said he,  
about midnight the Vision of *Priapus*  
appear'd to me, and told me, he had  
lately brought into my Ship *Eucolpius*  
that I sought for : *Tryphæna* was startl'd,  
And you'd swear we slept together, re-  
ply'd she , for methoughts the Image of  
*Neptune*



*Neptune* having struck his Trident thrice against the *Bajæ*, told me that in *Lycas's* Ship I shou'd meet my *Gito*.

Hence proceeds, said *Eumolpus*, interrupting 'em, that Veneration I pay the Divine *Epicurus*, who so wittily has discovered such illusions.

*When in a Dream presented to our view,  
Those airy Forms appear so like the true;  
Nor Heaven nor Hell the fancy'd Visions sends,  
But every breast its own delusion lends :  
For when soft sleep the body wraps in ease,  
And from th' unactive mass our fancy frees,  
Whatever 'tis in which we take delight,  
And think of most by day, we dream at night.  
Thus he, the now sackt City justly fear'd,  
Who all around had death and ruin shar'd.  
From fancy'd darts believes a darkned sky,  
And Troops retreating in confusion fly :  
There the sad Funeral pomp of Kings ; here  
Conscious Plains, half drown'd in blood, appear. }  
He that by day has nois'd it at the Bar,  
Of Knaves and Fools now sees the great resort,  
And to meet justice vainly fears in Court.  
Misers amidst their heaps are raising new, }  
And think they oft their old hid treasure view.  
And Huntsmen the imagin'd Chace pursue.*

*The*

*The Merchant dreams of Wrecks, the Ship wou'd  
 save,  
 Or now, by sinking it, himself preserve.  
 The Mistress to her distant lover writes ;  
 And, as awake, with flames and darts indites :  
 The Goodwife dreaming of her Stallion's charms,  
 Oft seeks the pleasure in her Cuckold's arms.  
 Dogs on full cry, in sleep, the Hare pursue,  
 And hapless wretches their old griefs renew.*

But *Lycas*, when he had thank'd his  
 Stars for their care of him, That we may  
 not seem, said he, to condemn the Di-  
 vine Powers, what hinders but we search  
 the Vessel ?

Upon which one *Æsus*, the Passenger  
 that had discover'd us by our reflection  
 in the water, cry'd out, these are the men  
 that were shav'd by Moon-shine to night.  
 Heaven avert the Omen ! I thought the  
 Ceremony of cutting the Nails and Hair,  
 was never perform'd but as a solemn Sa-  
 crifice to appease a Storm.

Is't so, says *Lycas*, in a great heat, did  
 any in the Ship offer to shave themselves,  
 and at midnight too ? bring 'em quickly  
 hither, that I may know who they are  
 that

that deserve to die a sacrifice for our safety.

'Twas I, quoth *Eumolpus*, commanded it, not wishing ill to the Ship, but ease to my self; for they are my Slaves, and having long staring hairs, I order'd the uncomely sight to be taken away; not only that I might not seem to make a Prison of the Ship; but that the mark of their Villany might more plainly appear; and to let you know how richly they deserve the punishment; among other Rogueries, they rob'd me of a considerable sum of Money, and spent it with all the luxury of rich Debauches, on a Trull that was at both their services, whom I catcht them with last night. In short, they yet smell of the Wine they profusely gave themselves with my Money.

*Lycas*, that the offenders might atone for their crime, order'd each of them forty stripes; we were immediately brought to the place of Execution; where the enrag'd Seamen set upon us with Ropes-ends, and try'd to offer our blood a sacrifice for their safety. I bore three stripes very Heroically. *Gito*, who had not so much passive valour at the first blow, set up such an out-cry that the known sound of his voice reach'd *Tryphæna's* ear; who

in great disorder attended with her Maids, that were all like her self surpriz'd at the voice, run to the sufferer.

*Gito's* admirable beauty had soften'd their rage, and seem'd without speaking to intreat their favour; when the Maids unanimously cry'd out, 'tis *Gito*, 'tis *Gito*; hold your barbarous hands, help Madam, 'tis *Gito*!

*Tryphæna* to their cry inclin'd her Ears, that already had anticipated her belief, and with eager hast flew to the Boy.

Upon which *Lycas* that knew me very well, as much satisfied as he had heard my voice, ran to me, and taking my other parts on content, with a lascivious diligence directed his eyes and hands to my Codpiece, where satisfy'd by good tokens, your servant *Eucolpus*, says he, 'twill be no wonder how *Euryclea* that nurs'd *Ulysses*, at his return after twenty years absence, shou'd know him by a scar in his forehead, when 'tis consider'd, the most discreet *Lycas*, not beholden to the marks of any seen part of the body, so judiciously discover'd me by the most hid: *Tryphæna*, having cheated her self into a belief that those marks of slavery we wore on our foreheads were real, wept; and began in a low voice, to inquire what Prison

son cou'd stop us in our Rambles ; or whose so cruel hands cou'd finish such a punishment without reluctancy. I confess, added she, they deserve some punishment with whom their Masters are so justly angry.

*Lycas* was in a great heat at *Tryphæna's* tenderness. And thou foolish Woman, said he, can you believe, those marks were cut before the Ink was laid ? We should be too happy were those stains not to be rub'd off, and had justly been, as they design'd us, the subject of their laughter, if we had suffer'd our selves to be so grossly impos'd on in a sham Inscription.

*Tryphæna*, who was not yet unmindful of our former amours, wou'd have pity'd us. When *Lycas*, still resenting the abuse he received in his vitiated Wife, and the affronts at the Porch of *Hercules's* Temple, with greater rage cry'd out, I thought you had been convinc'd *Tryphæna*, that Heaven has the care of humane affairs, when it not only brought our Enemies into our power, which they strove to avoid, but reveal'd it in a vision to us both ; see what you'l get by pardoning them, whom Heaven it self has brought to punishment, for my part, I am not naturally so cruel, but am afraid the judgment

I shou'd prevent from justly falling upon,  
others, may light on my own head.

This superstitious Harangue, turn'd  
*Tryphæna* from hindring our punishment  
to hasten its execution. When she began  
afresh as highly to resent the former af-  
fronts that was offer'd her, as *Lycas* did the  
repute of his modesty that he had lost  
in the peoples esteem.

'When *Lycas* found *Tryphæna* was with  
'himself eagerly inclin'd to revenge, he or-  
'der'd to increase our punishments, which  
'when *Eumolpus* perceiv'd, he endeavour'd  
'to mitigate after this manner.

'I pity the wretches, said he, that lie  
'at your mercy.—*Lycas*, they implore  
your compassion, and choosing me as a  
man not altogether unknown to 'em to  
perform the office, desire to be reconcil'd  
to them they once held most dear. Can  
you believe, 'twas by accident they fell  
into your hands, when all Passengers  
make it their chief business to enquire to  
whose care they are to trust themselves?  
When you are satisfied of their intentions,  
can you be so barbarous to continue your  
revenge, but suffer free born men to go  
uninjur'd where they have design'd. Even  
barbarous and implacable Masters allay  
their cruelty when their Slaves repent;  
and



and all give quarter to the Enemy that surrenders himself. What can you, or will you desire more ? you have at your feet repenting Supplicants ; they're Gentlemen, and men of worth ; and what's more prevailing than both, were once caress'd as your dearest Friends. Had they rob'd you of your Money, or betray'd your trust, by *Hercules* the punishment they've inflicted on themselves might have satisfied your rage ; don't you see the marks of Slaves on their Faces ; who, though free, to atone their injuries to you, prescrib'd themselves.

To avoid confusion, interrupted *Lycas*, give me a reason for all particulars as I shall ask you ; and first, if they came with design to surrender themselves, why did they cut off their hair ? for all Disguises are assum'd rather to deceive than satisfy the injur'd.

Next, if they expected to ingratiate themselves by their Embassadour, why have you endeavour'd in every thing, to conceal them you were to speak for ? whence it plainly appears, 'twas by accident the offenders were brought to punishment, and that you have us'd this Artifice to divert our suspicion.

Sure you thought to raise our envy, by ringing in our ears, that they were Gentlemen, and Men of Worth ; but have a care their cause don't suffer by your impudence ; what thou'd the injur'd do when the guilty come to 'em to be punisht ? and if they were my friends, they deserve to be more severely treated ; for he that wrongs a stranger is call'd a Rogue, but he that serves a Friend so, is little less than a Parricide.

I am sensible, said *Eumolpus*, answering this dreadful Harangue, that nothing cou'd happen to these unhappy Young men more unfortunate, than the cutting their hair off at midnight, which is the only argument that may perswade you to mistake their voluntary coming here, for accidental ; but I shall as candidly endeavour to undeceive you, as it was innocently acted: before they imbarkt they had designs to ease their heads of that, as troublesome as useless weight, but the unexpected wind that hasten'd us on board, made 'em defer it ; nor did they suspect it to be of any moment where 'twas done, being equally ignorant of the ill Omen, and Customs of Mariners.

What

What advantage, reply'd *Lycas*, cou'd they propose to themselves by the loss of their hair? unless they thought baldness might sooner raise our compassion: Or can you believe I wou'd be satisfy'd in your relation? when addressing himself to me, What Poyson, said he, thou Villain has eat your hair off? To what God have your Sacrilegious hands offer'd it?

The fear of punishment struck me speechless; nor cou'd I find any thing to urge in my defence against so plain an accusation. Then the confusion I was in, my disfigur'd face, with the equal baldness of my Head and Eye-brows, gave a ridiculous air to every thing I said or did; but when they wip'd us with a wet Sponge, the Letters melting into one, spread o're our Faces such a sooty cloud that turn'd *Lycas's* rage to a perfect loathing. *Eumolpus* cou'd not endure to see free-born men against all Law and Justice so abus'd, and returning their threats with blows, not only was our advocate but Champion too. He was seconded by his Man, and two or three sick Passengers appear'd our Friends, that serv'd rather to encourage us, than encrease our force.

Upon which I was so far from begging pardon, that without any respect I held my Fists at *Tryphæna*, and plainly told her she shou'd feel me, if her lecherous Ladiship, who only in the Ship deserv'd to be punish't, was not content to decline her pretentions to *Gito*.

The Angry *Lycas* was all rage at my impudence; and very impatient of revenge when he found, without any concern for my own cause, I only stood up for anothers.

Nor was *Tryphæna* less disturb'd at my contempt of her; at what time every one in the Vessel choose his side, and put himself in a posture of defence.

On our side *Eumolpus's* Slave distributed the Instruments of his Trade, and reserv'd a Razor to defend his own person; on the other, *Tryphæna* and her Attendance advanc'd, arm'd with nothing but their Nails and Tongues; which last supply'd the want of Drums in their Army; when the Pilot, crying out, threaten'd he wou'd leave the Ship to the mercy of the waves if they continu'd the bustle rais'd about the lust of two or three Vagabonds.

This did not in the least retard the fight; they pressing for revenge, we for  
our

our lives: In short, many fell half dead on both sides; others withdrew, as from greater Armies, to be drest of their Wounds; yet this damps not the rage of either side.

Then the bold *Gito* drawing out that part of him, *Tryphæna* most admird, clapt a bloody Razor to't, and threaten'd to cut away the cause of all our Misfortunes. But *Tryphæna* did not faintly send to prevent so cruel an act: I often offer'd at my Throat too, but with as little design to kill my self as *Gito* to do what he threatned: He the more boldly handl'd his because he knew it to be the same blunt Razor he had us'd before; which made *Tryphæna* very apprehensive of his Tragick intentions.

Upon this, both sides drew up their ranks, when the Pilot perceiving how Commical a War it was, with much ado was perswaded to let *Tryphæna* dispatch an Herauld to capitulate: Articles immediately according to the Custom of Countries being mutually agreed off on both sides; *Tryphæna* snatcht an Olivebranch, the Ensign of Peace, that stuck to the Image of Prosperity pictur'd in the Ship, and holding it in the midst of us, thus address her self.

What

*What fury did these sudden broils engage,  
 How have these guiltless hands deserv'd the rage?  
 No Paris a stoln Dame to Troy conveys,  
 No Witch Medea here her Brother slays :  
 But slighted love must needs resenting be :  
 And midst the waves who is the raging he  
 Now rob'd of Arms that can attempt my fate ?  
 By whom is simple death so little thought ?  
 Let not your murderous rage out storm the Seas,  
 And dangers of the angry waves increase.*

When in a great heat *Tryphæna* had thus said, both Armies stood still a while, and reviving the Treaty of Peace, put a stop to the War. Our Captain *Eumolpus* prudently us'd the occasion of her repentance, and having first severely chastiz'd *Lycas*, sign'd the Articles : Which were as follow.

*Tryphæna*, You do from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind, promise never to complain of any injury you have receiv'd from *Gito* ; nor mention, upbraid him with, or study to revenge directly or indirectly any action of his before this day ; and to prevent your forcing him to an unwilling compliance, be it further agreed, that you never kiss, coll, or bring him to a closer hug,



hug, without the forfeiture of 100 Denarii: And for better security, that you always pay your Mony, before you have your Ware.

*Item*, You *Lycas*, from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind; do promise never to reproach, or insultingly treat *Eucolpius*, either in Words, or Gestures: And that you never offer at his Breeches, but, on the forfeiture of 200 Denarij for each time you abuse him, behind his back.

Conditions thus agreed on, we laid down our Arms: And, least my grudge might still remain, wipe off the memory of all things past, in repeated Kisses.

All Quarrels expir'd in universal shouts, and a sumptuous Banquet that follow'd, spread equal Mirth through the whole Company: The Vessel rung with Songs, the Ensigns of their Joy: And the occasion of a sudden Calm, gave other diversions: Here a little Artist bob'd for Fish, that rising, seem'd with haste to meet their ruin: There another draws the unwilling Prey, that he had betray'd on the Hook, with an inviting Bait: When looking up, we saw Sea-Birds sitting on the Sail-Yard, about which, one skill'd in that Art, having plac'd Lime-Twigs,

*The SATYR of*

Twigs, made 'em his booty. Their  
downy Feathers, the Air whirl'd about :  
The other, the Sea vainly tost too and  
fro.

Now *Lycas* began to be friends with  
me : And *Tryphæna*, as a Mark of her  
Love, threw the bottom of her Wine  
upon *Gito* : At what time, *Eumolpus*,  
quite Drunk, aim'd at Rallery on those  
that were Bald and Branded ; till having  
spent his life-less Stock, he return'd to  
his Verses ; and designing an Elegy on  
the loss of Hair, thus began.

*Natures chief Ornament, the Hair is lost,*  
*Those vernal Locks, feel Winters blast :*  
*Now the Bald Temples mourn their Banish'd shade,*  
*And Bristles shine o'th' Sun-burnt Head.*  
*The Joys, deceitful Nature does first pay*  
*Our Age, it snatches first away.*  
*Unhappy Mortal, that but now*  
*The lovely grace of Hair, did'st know :*  
*Bright as the Sun's, or Cynthia's Beams,*  
*Now worse than Brass, and only seems*  
*Like th' Mushrooms, that in Gardens springs.*  
*From sporting Girls, you'll frighted run,*  
*And that Death will the sooner come :*  
*Know that part of your Head is gone,*

He

He wou'd have condemn'd us to hear more, and I believe worse than the former; if an Attendant of *Tryphæna*, had not disturb'd him: Who taking *Gito* aside, dress'd him up in her Mistresses Tower; and to restore him perfectly to his former Figure, drawing false Eyebrows out of her Patch-Box, plac'd 'em so exactly, Nature might have mistaken 'em for her own work.

At the sight of the true *Gito*, *Tryphæna* wept for joy: Who, not before, cou'd hug him with so real a satisfaction.

I was glad to see his loss so well repair'd: Yet, often hid my Head, as sensible I appear'd with no common deformity, whom even *Lycas* thought not worth speaking to: But 'twas not long e're the same Maid came to my relief, and calling me aside, dress'd me in a Peruke no less agreeable: For being of Golden Locks, it rather improv'd my Complexion.

But, *Eumolpus*, our Advocate, and Reconciler, to Entertain the Company, and keep up the Mirth; began to be pleasant on the inconstancy of Women: How forward they were to Love, how soon ye forgot their Sparks: And that no woman was so Chast, but her untry'd Lust,

Lust, might be rais'd to a Fury: Nor wou'd he bring instances from ancient Tragedies, or Personages celebrated to Antiquity: But Entertain us, if we wou'd please to hear, with a Story within the Circle of his own Memory: upon which the Eyes and Ears of all were devoted to him: Who thus began.

There was at *Ephesus* a Lady, of so Celebrated virtue, that the Women of Neighbouring Nations came to join their admiration with that of her own Country: This Lady at the death of her Husband not content with tearing her Hair, or beating her Breast, those common expressions of grief; but following him into the Vault, where the Body plac'd in a Monument, she, after the *Grecian* Custom, watch'd the Corps, and whole Nights and Days continu'd weeping; the persuasions of Parents nor Relations cou'd divert her grief, or make her take any thing to preserve life.: The publick Officers at last, she guarding the Body for 'em, left the Vault; and lamented by all for so singular an example of grief, liv'd thus five days without Eating.

All left her but a faithful Maid, who with tears supply'd her afflicted Lady, and as often as the Lamp they had by, began

began to expire, renew'd the light ; by this time she became the talk of the whole Town ; and all degrees of Men confest, she was the only true example of Love and Chastity.

In the mean time there happening a Trial of Criminals, the Condemn'd were order'd to be Crucify'd near the Vault in which the Lady was weeping o're the Corps of her late Husband. The Soldier that guarded the Bodies lest any might be taken from the Cross and bury'd, the night after observ'd a light in the Vault, and hearing the Groans of some afflicted person, prest with a curiosity common to Mankind, he desired to know, who, or what it was ? Upon which he enter'd the Vault, and seeing a very beautiful Woman, amaz'd at first, he fancy'd 'twas a spirit, but viewing the dead Body, and considering her tears and torn face, he soon guest, as it was, that the Lady cou'd not bear the loss of her Husband: he brings his Supper with him into the Vault, and began to perswade the mournful Lady not to continue her unnecessary grief, nor with vain complaints consume her health : That death was common to all Men ; and many other things he told her, that use to restore afflicted persons  
to

to that calmness they before enjoy'd : But she mov'd anew at the comfort a stranger offer'd, redoubl'd her grief, and tearing her Hair, cast it on the Body that lay before her.

The Soldier however did not withdraw, but with the like invitations offer'd her somewhat to eat, till her Maid o'recome, I presume, by the pleasing scent of the Wine, no longer cou'd resist the Soldier's Courtesie. When refresh't with the Entertainment, she began to join her perswasions to win her Lady; and what advantage, began she, wou'd you reap in starving your self? in burying your self alive? What wou'd it signifie to anticipate your fate?

*D'ye think departed Souls will value it?*

Will you, Madam, in spite of Fate, revive your Husband? Or will you shake off these vain complaints, the marks of our Sex's weakness, and enjoy the World while you may? The very Body that lyes there might make you envy life.

*We don't unwillingly obey when we're commanded to eat or live.* The Lady now dry with so long fasting, suffer'd her self to be o'recome; nor was less pleas'd with her Entertainment, than her Maid that first surrender'd. *You know with what thoughts*



*thoughts encouraging meats inspire young persons.* With the same Charms our Souldier had won her to be in love with life, he addrest himself as a Lover; nor did his person appear less agreeable to the chaste Lady, than his conversation; and the Maid, to raise her opinion of him, thus apply'd her self:

*And arm'd with pleasing love dare you engage,  
E're you consider in whose Tents you are?*

To make short: nor even in this cou'd the Lady deny him any thing: Thus our victorious Souldier succeeded in both; she receiv'd his Imbraces; not only that night they struck up the bargain, but the next and third day: Having shut the door of the Vault, that if any of her acquaintance or strangers had come out of curiosity to see her, they might have believ'd the most chaste of all Women, had expir'd on the body of her Husband. Our Souldier was so taken with his beautiful Mistress, and the privacy of injoying her, that the little Money he was Master of, he laid out for her Entertainment, and, as soon as 'twas night, convey'd it into the Vault.

In the meantime the Relations of one of the Malefactors, finding the Body unguarded, drew it from the Cross and bury'd it. The Souldier thus rob'd while he was in the Vault, the next day, when he perceiv'd one of the Bodies gone, dreading the punishment, he told the Lady what had happen'd ; and, added that with his Sword he wou'd prevent the Judges Sentence ; if so be she wou'd please to give him Burial, and make that place at once the fatal Monument of a Lover and a Husband.

The Lady, not less merciful than chaste ; Nor wou'd Heaven allow, said she, that I shou'd at once feel the loss of the only two in the world I held most dear ; I'd rather hang up the dead Body of the one, than be the wicked instrument of the other's death. Upon which she order'd her Husband's Body to be taken out of the Coffin, and fixt to the Cross, in the room of that which was wanting: Our Souldier pursued the directions of the discreet Lady, and the next day the people wonder'd for what reason that Body was hung on the Cross.

The Seamen were pleas'd with the Story. *Tryphæna* not a little asham'd, lovingly apply'd her Cheek to *Gito's*, and hid

hid her blushes; but *Lycas* wore an air of displeasure, and knitting his brows, said he, If the Governour had been a just man, he ought to have restor'd the Husbands Body to his Monument, and hung the Womans on the Cross. I don't doubt it made him reflect on his own Wife, and the whole Scene of our Lust when we rob'd his Vessel. But the Articles he agreed to, oblig'd him not to complain; and the mirth that ingag'd us gave him no opportunity to vent his Rage.

*Tryphæna* entertain'd her self in *Gito's* Arms, pressing oft his Neck with eager Kisses, and oft disposing his new Ornament, to make it appear more agreeable to his Face.

At this I was not a little out of humour, and impatient of our new League, cou'd neither eat nor drink any thing; but with side-looks wisht a thousand Curses on them both; every kiss and every look she gave him, wounded me. Nor did I yet know whether I had more reason to repent the loss of my Mistress, or my Comrade; he having rob'd me of her; and she deluded him from my arms: Both were worse than death to me. And to compleat my misery, neither *Tryphæna* spoke to me as her acquaintance, and

once grateful Lover ; nor did *Gito* think me worth drinking to ; or what's the least he cou'd, common discourse with him : I believe he was tender of the new return of her favours, and afraid to give her another occasion to fall out with him : Grief forc'd a flood of Tears from my Eyes, and I stiff'd my Complaints, till I was ready to expire.

When *Lycas* perceiv'd how well, tho' in this trouble, my yellow Ornament became me, he was inflam'd afresh ; and viewing me with Lovers eyes, address'd himself as such, when laying aside the haughty brow of a Master, he put on the tender complacency of a Friend : but his endeavours were fruitless. At last meeting with an intire repulse, his love turning to a fury, he endeavour'd to ravish the favours he cou'd not win by intreaty ; at what time *Tryphæna* unexpectedly came in, and observing his wantonness ; in the greatest confusion he hid his head, and ran from her.

Upon which the more lustful *Tryphæna* askt, and made me tell her, what those wanton Caresses meant ; she was inspired with new heat at the relation ; and mindful of our old Amours, offer'd to revive our former Commerce ; but worn  
off

off my legs with those Employments, I gave her invitations, but an ill return ; yet she with all the desires of a woman transported by her passion, threw her arms about me, and so closely lockt me in her Imbraces, I was forc'd to cry out ; one of her Maids came in at the noise, and easily believing I wou'd force from her the favours I had deny'd her Mistress, rusht between, and loos'd the Bands : *Tryphæna* meeting with such a repulse, and even raging with desire, took it more grievous at my hands, and with threats at her going off, flew to *Lycas* ; not only to raise his resentments against me, but join with him in pursuit of revenge.

By the way observe, I had formerly been well receiv'd by this Attendant of *Tryphæna*, when I maintain'd a Commerce with her Mistress, upon that score she resentted my converse with *Tryphæna*, and deeply sighing, made me eager to know the occasion ; when she, stepping back, thus began, If you had any sparks of the Gentleman in you, you'd value her no more than a common Prostitute ; if you were a man you wou'd not descend to such a Jakes ; these thoughts not a little disturb'd her ; but I was asham'd of nothing more, than that *Eumolpus*, suspe-  
 † F 3                      cting

Atting the occasion, shou'd in his next Verses make our suppos'd quarrel the subject of his Drollery ; and lest my care to avoid it shou'd prove one means of discovering it.

When I was contriving how to prevent his suspicion, *Eumolpus* himself came in, already acquainted with what was done ; for *Tryphæna* had communicated her grief to *Gito*, and endeavour'd at his cost to compensate the injury I had offer'd her. Upon which *Eumolpus* was on fire, and the more, because her wantonness was an open breach of the Articles she had sign'd.

When the old Doctor saw me, pitying my misfortune, he desir'd to know the whole Scene from my self ; I freely told him of the Gamesomeness of the lewd *Lycas*, and *Tryphæna's* lustful assault, that he was already well inform'd of ; upon which, in a solemn Oath, he swore to vindicate our cause, and that Heaven was too just to suffer so many Crimes to go unpunish'd.

While we were thus ingag'd, a Storm arose ; now thick Clouds, and th' inrag'd flood eclyps'd the day, the Seamen fly to their Posts as fast as fear cou'd make 'em : and, pulling down the Sails, leave the Vessel to the mercy of the Tempest ;  
for



for the uncertain winds made them hopeless of any direct course; nor did the Pilot know which way to steer; sometimes the unguided Ship was forc'd on the Coast of *Sicily*, often by contrary Winds 'twas tost near *Italy*; and what was more dangerous than all, on a sudden the gathering Clouds spread such horrid darkness all around, that the Pilot cou'd not see over the Fore-castle; upon which all despair'd of safety; when *Lycas* threw himself before me, and lifting up his trembling hands, I beseech you *Encolpius*, began he, assist the distress'd, that is restore the Sacred Vest and Timbrel you took from the Image of the Goddess *Ifts*; be merciful as you are wont. At what time a Whirl-wind snatcht him up, and threw him howling midst the flood, and soon a spiteful wave just shew'd him us, and drew him back again.

*Tryphæna*, hastily taken up by her faithful Attendants, and plac'd with her chief Goods in the Skiff, avoided a most certain death.

I, lockt in *Gito's* Arms, not without tears, cry'd out, And this we have merited of Heaven, that only Death should joyn us; but even now I fear Fortune will be against it; for see the Waves

threaten to o'return the Vessel ; and now the Tempest comes to burst the lov'd bands that unite us ; therefore if you really love *Encolpius*, let's kiss while we may, and snatch this last joy even in spite of our approaching Fate.

When I had thus said, *Gito* threw off his Mantle, and getting under mine, thrust his Head out at top to reach my Lips ; but that the most malicious Wave might not ravish us asunder, he girt himself to me with the Thong that bound his Wallet ; and 'tis some comfort, said he , to think that by this the Sea will bear us the longer e're it can divorce us from each others Arms. Or, if in compassion it shou'd throw us on the same Shore, either the next that passes by wou'd give us a Monument of Stones, that by the common Laws of Humanity he wou'd cast upon us ; or at least the angry Waves, that seem to conspire our separation, wou'd unwittingly bury us in one grave, with the sand their rage wou'd vomit up. I was satisfy'd with my Chain, and, as on my Death-bed, did now contentedly expect the coming hour.

In the mean time the Tempest, acting the Decrees of Fate, had rent all the Rigging from the Vessel ; no Mast, no Rudder

der left, not a Rope or Plank, but an awkward shapeless body of a Ship tost up and down the flood.

The Fisher-men that inhabited the Seaside, expecting a Booty, in all haste put out with their Boats ; but when they saw those in the Vessel that cou'd defend their own ; they chang'd their design of pillaging to succouring.

After a salute on both sides, unwonted Murmurs, like that of some Beast, labouring to get out, proceeded from beneath the Masters Cabin ; upon which, following the sound, we found *Eumolpus* sitting alone, and in his hand a large Scroll of Paper that he was filling, even to the Margent, with Verses ; we all were amaz'd to see a man amuse himself with Poetry, at a time when he had reason to think each minute wou'd be his last, and having drawn him, making a great noise, from his hole, we endeavour'd to recover him from his Frenzy ; but he was in such a heat to be disturb'd, that, 'S death, said he, let me make an end of this Couplet, it finishes the Poem ; on which I took hold of the Mad man, and order'd the still murmuring Poet to be hall'd on Shore.

When with some trouble we had got him on Shore , we very pensively enter'd  
one

one of the Fishermen's Huts, and howe're we feasted on our Meats the Sea had corrupted, we had no comfortable night of 't.

The next day, as we were proposing how to bestow our selves, we discover'd an Human Body floating on a little Wave that made to Shore: I stood still concern'd, and began with more diligence to see, if what was presented to our view were real.

When finding it to be a mans; and who knows, I cry'd out, but this Wretch's Wife, in some part of the World, secure at home, may expect his coming; or perhaps a Son, ignorant of the fatal Storm, may wait the wisht arrival of his Father; who with so many Kisses seal'd his unwilling parting: These are our great designs! vain Mortals swell with promising hopes, yet there's the issue of them all! see the mighty Nothing how it's tost!

When I had thus bemoan'd the Wretch, as one unknown, the Sea cast him on Land with his face, not much disfigur'd, toward Heaven; upon which I made up to it, and easily knew that the but now terrible and implacable *Lycas* was lying at my feet.

I could

I could not restrain my Tears ; but, beating my Breast, Now where's, said I, your Rage ? where your unruly Passions ? now you're expos'd a prey to Fish and Beasts ; and the poor Shipwrackt wretch, with all his boasted power, now has not one Plank of the great Ship he proudly call'd his own. After this, let Mortals flatter themselves with Golden Dreams ; let the weary Miser heap up ill-got Wealth for many years ; 'twas but yesterday this lifeless thing was priding in its Riches, and had fixt the very day he thought to return. How short, alas ! lyes the poor wretch of his design ! but 'tis not the Sea only we should fear : one the Wars deceive ; another by some accidental ruin, even at the Altar, meets a Grave ; a third by a fall in running anticipates his arrival to the Goal ; eating oft kills the Greedy ; and Abstinence the Temperate. If we rightly consider it, in this Sea of Life we may be Shipwrackt every where ; but we vainly lament the want of Burial to a wretch that's drown'd ; as if it concern'd the perishing Carcass, whether Flames, Worms, or Fishes were its *Canibals*. Whatever way you are consum'd, the end of all's the same. But Fish, they obj.ect, will tear their Bodies ; as if their  
Teeth



Teeth were less gentle than the Flames ;  
a punishment that we believe is the  
highest we can inflict on Slaves that have  
provok'd us ; therefore what madness  
is't to trouble our lives with the cares of  
our Burial after we're dead ; when the best  
of us may meet the Fate he vainly strives  
with so much diligence to avoid ?

After these Reflections, we perform'd  
the last office for the dead, and, tho' his  
Enemies, honour'd him with a Funeral  
Pile ; but while *Eumolpus* was making an  
Epitaph, his Eyes roam'd here and there,  
to find an Image that might raise his  
Fancy.

When we had willingly acquitted our  
selves of this piece of Humanity to *Lycas*,  
we pursu'd our design'd Journey, and all  
in a sweat soon reacht the head of a neigh-  
bouring Hill, from whence we discover-  
ed a Town seated on the top of a high  
Mountain ; we did not know it, till a Shep-  
herd inform'd us 'twas *Crotone* ; the most  
ancient and once most flourishing City of  
*Italy* ; when we enquir'd of him what  
sort of People inhabited this renown'd  
place, and what kinds of Commerce they  
chiefly maintain'd, since they were impo-  
verish'd by so many Wars ?



Gentlemen, said he, if you have designs of Trading, you must go another way; but if you're of the admir'd sort of Men, that have the thriving qualifications of Lying and Cheating, you're in the direct path to business; for in this City no Learning flourisheth; Eloquence has not a room here; Temperance, Good Manners, nor any Virtue can meet a reward; assure your selves of finding but two sorts of Men, and they are the Cheated, and those that Cheat. A Father takes no care of his Children, because the having of Heirs is such a mark of Infamy, that he who is known in that Circumstance, dares not appear at any publick Game or Show, is deny'd all publick Priviledges, and only herds among those that all Men piss upon. But single Men, who have no tyes of Nature that oblige the disposal of their Wealth, are carress'd by all, and have the greatest Honours confer'd on 'em; they're the only Valorous, the only Brave; nay, and only innocent too. You're going to a City, added he, like a Field in a Plague-time, where you can observe nothing but one Man devouring another, as Crows dead Carcasses.

The prudent *Eumolpus*, at a thing so surprizingly new, began to be thoughtful, and confest that way to riches did not displease him. I believ'd it the effect of a Poetick Gaiety, that had not left his years: When, I wish, continu'd he, I cou'd maintain a greater figure, as well in Habit as Attendants, 'twou'd give a better colour to my pretences: By *Hercules*, I'd throw by the Waller, and soon advance all our Fortunes.

Promising therefore to supply his wants, we have with us, said I, the Sacred Vest of *Isis*, and all the Booty we made at *Lycurgus's* Village; and you have given me such hopes, *Eumolpus*, added I, that were the Goddess her self in my power, I'd pawn her for Money to carry on the design.

Upon which, said *Eumolpus*, why delay we the bringing of our hands in use? and if you like the Proposal let me be call'd your Master.

None e're condemn'd a project that was no charge to him; therefore to be true to his interest, we engag'd in an Oath before we wou'd discover the Cheat to suffer ten thousand Racks; and thus like free-born Gladiators selling our Liberty, we Religiously devoted both Soul and Body to our new Master. After

After the Solemn Ceremonies of our Oath were ended ; like Slaves, at a distance, we salute the Master of our own making. When beginning to exercise his Authority, he commanded us to report that our ancient Lord (meaning him) griev'd at the loss of a Son, who was a great Orator and comfort to his age, was unhappily forc'd to quit the place of his Abode, lest the daily salutes of those that expected Preferment under him, or Visits of his Companions, might be the continual occasions of Tears; and the late Shipwreck had added to his grief, having lost to the value of twenty thousand Crowns ; tho' he was not so much concern'd at the loss of his Money, as of his large Retinue ; that, he fear'd, would make them not proportion their thoughts to his greatness ; and to add, that our Lord had Mortgages almost on half the Estates in *Africa*, and mighty Sums at use on Personal Security ; and cou'd raise of his own Gladiators, dispers'd about *Nu-midia* , a Force able to Plunder *Carthage*.

After this, that his Actions might agree with his condition, 'twas concluded necessary to wear an air of discontent; that he should with a stately stiffness,

ness, like Quality, often Cough, and spit about the Room; that his words might come the more faintly from him; that in the eye of the world he shou'd refuse to eat or drink; ever talking of Riches, and sometimes, to confirm their belief, shou'd break into these words; Strange that such or such a Seat shou'd disappoint my expectation, that us'd to be blest with so large an increase! And that nothing might be wanting to compleat the humour, as often as he had occasion to call any of us, he shou'd use one name for another; that it might easily appear how mindful the Lord was even of those Servants he had left in *Africk*.

Matters thus order'd, having, as all that wou'd thrive in the world, implor'd the assistance of Heaven, we began our march, but both *Gito* did not like his new slavery, and *Eumolpus's* hir'd Servant, bearing most of our Baggage, in a little time beginning to be uneasie in his service, wou'd often rest his burden; and with ten thousand wry looks, and as many curses for our going so fast, at last swore he would either leave his charge, or go quite away with'r. 'S death, said he, d'ye think I'm a Pack-horse, or a Dray, that you load me thus? I was hir'd for a Man, not a Horse;

Horse; nor am I less a Gentleman by birth, than any of you all; tho' my Father left me in a mean condition. Nor content with reproaches, but getting before us, he lift up one Leg, and, venting his Choler at the wrong end, fill'd our Nostrils with a beastly scent.

*Gito* mockt his humour, and for every crack he gave, return'd the like, that one ill-scent might stifle another.

But even here *Eumolpus* returning to his old humour: Young men, began he, this Poetry deceives many; for not only every one that is able to give a Verse its numbers, and spin out his feeble sence in a long train of words, has the vanity to think himself inspir'd; but Pleaders at the Bar, when they wou'd give themselves a loose from business, apply themselves to Poetry, as an Entertainment without trouble; believing it easier to compile a Poem than maintain a Controversie, adorn'd with a few florid Sentences. But neither will a generous Spirit affect the empty sound of words; nor can a mind, unless enricht with Learning, be deliver'd of a birth of Poetry; there must be the purity of Language, no Porterly expression, or meanness, as I may call it, of words is to be admitted; but a stile per-

† G                      fectly



*The SATYR of*  
*fectly above the common, and with Ho-*  
*race,——*

*Scorn the Unletter'd Herd,  
 And drive 'em from you.*

Besides, you must be strictly diligent; that your Expressions appear of a piece with the Body of the Discourse, and your Colours so laid, that each may contribute to the beauty of the whole. Greece has given us a *Homer* and the *Lyricks* for Examples; Rome a *Virgil* and an *Horace*; the purity of whose Language is so happily correct, others either never saw the path that leads to Poetry, or seeing, were afraid to tread it. To describe the Civil Wars of *Rome* wou'd be a Master-piece, the unletter'd head that offers at it, will sink beneath the weight of so great a work; for to relate past Actions, is not so much the business of a Poet, as an Historian; the boundless Genius of a Poet strikes through all Mazes, introduces Gods, and puts the invention on the rack for Poetick Ornaments; that it may rather seem a Prophetick fury, than a strict relation, with witnesses of meer truth. As for example, this rapture, tho' I have not given it the last hand.

*Now*



# TICUS PETRONIUS ARBITER.

83

Now Rome reign'd Empress o're the Van-  
quish'd Ball,

As far as Earth and Seas, obey'd by all :  
Uneasie yet, with more desires she's curst,  
And boundless, as her Empire, is her thirst.  
In Burden'd Vessels now they travell'd o're  
The furrow'd deep to Seas unknown before :  
And any hidden part of Land or Sea,  
That Gold afforded, was an Enemy.  
Thus Fate the Seeds of Civil fury rais'd,  
When great in wealth no common pleasure pleas'd.  
Delights more out of fashion by the Town :  
Th' Souldier's Scarlet now from Spain must come,  
The Purple of the Sea contemn'd is grown.  
India with Silks, Africk with Precious Stone,  
Arabia with its Spices hither come,  
And with their Ruin raise the pride of Rome.  
But other Spoils, destructive to her Peace,  
Rome's ruin bode, and future ills encrease :  
Through Lybian Desarts are wild Monsters  
chac'd,  
And the remotest parts of Africk trac'd :  
Where the Unweildy Elephant that's ta'en,  
For fatal value of his Tooth is slain.  
Uncommon Tygers are imported here,  
And led Triumphant in the Theatre ;

*Where, while devouring Jaws on Men they try,  
 The People Clap to see their Fellows die.  
 But Oh! who can without a blush relate  
 The horrid scene of their approaching Fate?  
 When Persian Customs, fashionable grown,  
 Made Nature start, and her best work disown,  
 Male Infants are divorc'd from all that can,  
 By timely progress ripen into Man.  
 Tous Circling Nature damp't, a while restrains  
 Her hasty Course, and in a Pause remains;  
 Till working a return t'her wonted Post,  
 She seeks her self, and to her self is lost.  
 The Herd of Fops the frantick Humour take,  
 Each keeps a Capon, loves its mincing Gate,  
 Its flowing Hair, and striving all it can,  
 In changing Mode and Dress, t' appear a Man.  
 Behold the Wilder Luxury of Rome,  
 From Africk Furniture, Slaves, Tables come,  
 And Purple Carpets made in Africk Loom.  
 Thus their Estates run out, while all around  
 The Sot-companions in their Wine are drown'd;  
 The Souldier loads, neglected is his Sword,  
 With all his Spoils the dearly noble Board:  
 Rome's Appetite grows witty, and what's caught  
 In Sicily, to their Boards are living brought:  
 But Stomachs gorg'd, (a dearer-Luxury)  
 Must with Expensive Sawce new hunger buy.*

The Phasian Banks, the Birds all eaten, gone,  
 With their forsaken Trees in silence moan,  
 And have no Musick but the Winds alone.  
 In Mars's Field no less a Frenzie reigns,  
 Where Bril'd Assemblies make a Prey of Gains,  
 Their servile Votes obey the Chink of Gold,  
 A People and a Senate to be sold!  
 The Senate's self, which should our Rights maintain,  
 From their free Spirits, stoop to sordid Gain,  
 The power of right by Gold corrupted dies,  
 And trampled Majesty beneath it lies:  
 Cato's pretence the Giddy Rout neglect,  
 Yet did not him, but him they rais'd, deject:  
 Who, tho he won, with conscious blushes stands,  
 Asham'd o'th' Power he took from worthier hands.  
 O Manners, Ruin, and the People's shame!  
 He suffer'd not alone, the Roman Name,  
 Virtue and Honour to their Period came.  
 Thus wretched Rome does her own ruin share,  
 At once the Merchant, and at once the Ware,  
 All Lands are Mortgag'd, and all Persons bound,  
 And in the Use the Principal is drown'd.  
 Thus Debt's a Feaver, and like that disease,  
 Bred in our Bowels, by unfelt degrees  
 Will through our thirsty Vitals ev'ry Member  
 seize,

*Wild Tumults now to Arms for succour call,  
 (For want may dare and never fear a fall.)  
 Wasted by Riot, Wealth's a putrid Sore,  
 That only Wounds can its lost strength restore.  
 What rules of Reason, or soft gentle ways,  
 Rome from this Lethargy of Vice can raise?  
 Where such mild Arts can no impression make,  
 War, Tumult, Noise and Fury must awake.  
 Fortune one Age with three great Chiefs supply'd,  
 Woo different ways, by th' Sword that rais'd 'em,  
 dy'd ;  
 Crassus's Blood, Asia ; Africk, Pompey's shed ;  
 In Thankless Rome, the Murder'd Cæsar bled.  
 Thus as one Soil alone too narrow were,  
 Their Glorious Dust, and great Remains to bear,  
 O're all the Earth their scatter'd ruin lyes ;  
 Such Honours to the Mighty dead arise.  
 'Twixt Naples and Putcoli there is,  
 Deep in the Gaping Earth, a dark Abyss,  
 Where runs the raging Black Cocytus Stream,  
 That from its Waters sends a Sulphurous steam,  
 Which spreads its fury round the Blasted Green,  
 O're all the fatal compass of its breath  
 No Verdant Autumn Crowns the fruitful Earth ;  
 No blooming Woods with Vernal Songs resound,  
 Nothing but Black Confusion all around,*

Where

Where lonely Rocks in dismal quiet mourn,  
 Which aged Cypress dreadfully a lorn.  
 Here Pluto rais'd his head, and through a Cloud  
 Of Fire and smoke, in this Prophetick Mood,  
 To Giddy Fortune spoke, ———  
 All ruling Power,  
 You love all Change, and quit it soon for more ;  
 You never like what too securely stands ;  
 Does Rome not tire your faint supporting hands ?  
 How can you longer bear the sinking Frame,  
 The Roman Youth now hate the Roman Name.  
 See all around Luxuriant Trophies lye,  
 And their encreasing Wealth new ills supply.  
 Golden aspiring Piles here Heav'n invade,  
 There on the Sea encroaching Bounds are made.  
 Where Fields contriving as from Waters sprung,  
 Inverted Nature's injur'd Laws they wrong.  
 So deep the Caverns in the Earth some make,  
 They threat my Empire, and my Regions shake ;  
 While to low Quarries others sink for Stone ;  
 And Hollow Rocks beneath their fury groan.  
 Proud with the hopes to see another day,  
 M' infernal Subjects 'gin to disobey :  
 Fortune be kind, still Ple their fury dare,  
 Turn all your Smiles, and stir up Rome to war, }  
 And a new Colony of Souls prepare.

Our sooty Lips this Age no blood have taste,  
 With thirst Tisiphone's dry Throat does waste.  
 Since Sylla's Sword let out the Purple flood,  
 And guilty Earth grew fruitful from the blood.  
 The black grim God did thus to Fortune say,  
 Reaching her hand, the yielding Earth gave way;  
 The fickle Goddess, thus returning, said,  
 Father, by all beneath this Earth obey'd,  
 If dangerous Truths may be with safety told,  
 My thoughts with yours a just proportion hold :  
 No less a rage this willing breast inspires,  
 Nor am I prest with less inflam'd desires ;  
 I hate the Blessings that to Rome I lent,  
 And of my Bounty, now abus'd, repent :  
 Thus the proud height of Rome's aspiring Wall,  
 By the same dreadful God 'twas rais'd, shall fall,  
 Their Blood I'll offer as a Sacrifice,  
 T' appease the Ghost of their departed Vice.  
 I already see Pharsalian Armies slain,  
 The Funeral Piles of Thessaly and Spain :  
 Ægypt and Libya's Groans methinks I hear,  
 The dismal sound of arms now strikes my ear,  
 An Actian Sea-fight, and retreating fear. }  
 Make wide the entrance of your thirsty Soil,  
 New spirits must i'th' mighty Harvest toil ;



Charon's too narrow Boat can ne're convey,  
 Scarce a whole Fleet will waft the Souls away ;  
 Pale Furies be with the vast ruin Crown'd,  
 And fill'd with Blood, remangle every Wound.  
 The Universal Fabrick of the World,  
 Rent and divided, to your Empire's hurl'd.

She scarce had spoke ; e're from a Cloud there  
 flies

A blasting flame, that bursting shake the Skyes ;  
 At Jove's avenging Thunder, to his Hell,  
 From the clos'd Earth, affrighted Pluto fell.  
 When soon the angry Gods their Omens show,  
 That bode destruction and approaching woe :  
 Astonishment surpriz'd the darkned Sun,  
 As if the War already were begun ;  
 Approaching Ills the conscious Cynthia knew,  
 And blushing, from impiety withdrew.  
 With hideous noise the falling Mountains cleave ;  
 And streams repulst their usual courses leave.  
 Ingaging Armies in the Clouds appear,  
 And Trumpets raising Mars himself to War.  
 Now Ætna's flames with an usual roar  
 Vomit huge Bolts of Thunder in the Air,  
 Amidst the Tombs and Bones without their Urns,  
 Portending Spirits send up dismal groans :

*The SATYR of*

*A Comet's seen with Stars unknown before,  
 And Jove descending in a Bloody show'r :  
 The God these Wonders did in short unfold,  
 Cæsar their Ills no longer shou'd with-hold.  
 Impatient of revenge, quit Gallick Fars,  
 And draw his conquering Sword for Civil Wars.*

*In Cloudy Alps, where the divided Rock  
 To cunning Grecians did its Nerves unlock,  
 Altars devoted to Alcides smoke.* }

*The Temple with eternal Ice is Crown'd,  
 Whose milky top so far in Clouds is drown'd ;  
 You'd think its Shoulders in the Heavens bound.* }

*Not the warm rays of a Meridian Sun,  
 Or the hot Southern Winds can melt it down.  
 So fixt with Ice and Snows it did appear,  
 That its aspiring top the Globe might bear.  
 Here Conquering Cæsar leads his joyful Bands,  
 And on the proudest Cliff consid'ring stands.  
 The distant Plains of Italy surveys,  
 And, Hands and Voice to Heaven directed, says,*

*Almighty Jove and you, Saturnia, found,  
 Safe by my arms, oft with my Triumphs Crown'd,  
 Witness these Arms unwillingly I wear,  
 Unwillingly I come to wage this War,  
 Compell'd by injuries too great to bear.* }

*Banish'd*

Banisht my Country, while I make the Flood,  
 That laves the Rhine, run Purple all with blood.  
 While the Gauls, ripe our Rome to re-invade,  
 I force to skulk behind their Alps, afraid :  
 By Conquering my Banishment's secur'd,  
 Are sixty Triumphs not to be endur'd ?  
 A German Conquest reckon'd such a fault ?  
 By whom is Glory such a Monster thought ?  
 Or who the vile supporters of this War ?  
 A foreign Spawn, a Mobb in Arms appear,  
 At once Rome's scandal, and at once her care.  
 No slavish Soul shall bind this Arm with Chains,  
 And unreveng'd triumph it o're the Plains.  
 Bold with success still to new Conquests lead,  
 Come, my Companions, thus my Cause I'll plead,  
 The Sword shall plead our cause, for to us all  
 Does equal guilt, and equal danger, call :  
 Oblig'd by you I conquer'd, not alone.  
 Since to be punish't is the Victor's Crown,  
 Fortune invokt begin the offer'd War,  
 My Cause is pleaded when you bravely dare,  
 With such an Army, who success can fear.  
 Thus Cæsar spoke : from the propitious sky  
 Descending Eagles, boding Victory,  
 Drive the slow winds before 'em as they Fly.

From

## The SATYR of

From the left side of a dark Wood proceed  
 Unwonted crys, which dying, flames succed.  
 The Sun-beams with unusual brightness rise,  
 And spread new Glories round the gilded Skies.  
 New fir'd with Omens of the promis'd day,  
 Cæsar o're untrod Mountains leads the way;  
 Where th' Frozen Earth o're-clad with Ice and  
     Snows,  
 At first not yielding to their Horses blows,  
 A dreadful quiet in dull stiffness shows.  
 But when their trembling Hoofs had burst the  
     Chain,  
 And soften'd milky Clouds of hardned rain;  
 So quick the melted Snows to Rivers run,  
 That soon a deluge from the Mountains sprung.  
 But thus you'd think 'twere done by Fates de-  
     crees,  
 For the Flood stopt, and Billows rising Freeze,  
 And yielding Waves but now are Rocks of Ice.  
 The slippery passage now their feet betray,  
 When soon in miserable heaps o'th' way,  
 Men, Horses, Arms, in wild confusion lay.  
 Now pregnant Clouds with whirling blasts are  
     torn,  
 And, bursting, are deliver'd of a Storm:

## Titus Petronius Arbiter.

93

*Large stones of Hail the troubl'd Heavens shoot,  
That by tempestuous winds are whirl'd about ;  
So thick it pours, whole Clouds of Snow and Hail,  
Like Frozen Billows, on their Armour fall :*

*The Earth lay vanquisht under mighty Snow,  
An Icy damp the vanquisht Heavens know,  
And vanquisht Waters now no longer flow.* }

*Thus all but Cæsar yield ; on his huge Lance  
The Hero leaning, did secure advance.*

*Alcmena's Son did less securely rush,  
From the proud height of rising Caucasus ;  
Or Jove himself, when down the steep he prest  
Those Sons of Earth, that durst his Heaven molest.*

*While raging Cæsar scales th' aspiring height,  
Big with the news, Fame takes before her flight ;  
And from Mount Palatine approaching ills,  
To frighted Rome, thus dreadfully she tells :*

*A numerous Fleet is riding o're the Main,  
The melted Alps are hid with Cæsar's Train.*

*That reeking from a German Conquest come,  
And with a like destruction threaten Rome.*

*Now Arms, Blood, Death, and dismal Scenes of  
War,*

*Are to their Eyes presented by their fear ;  
With dreadful thoughts of coming War possess'd,  
A wilder tumult rains in every breast.*

*This*

This flies by Land, and that the Sea prefers,  
 And thinks his native soil less safe appears,  
 The Souldier trusts the Fortune of the VVars.  
 Prest by their Fate, thus as they fear they run.  
 'Midst these disorders, through th' abandon'd Town:  
 A moving sight, wild tumult here and there,  
 Follow the blind impulses of their fear.  
 Vanquish'd by rumour all, prepar'd for flight,  
 Their much lamented Habitations quit :  
 Trembling, this takes his Children in his Arms,  
 And that protects his Guardian Gods from harms.  
 Scar'd from their homes, unwillingly they go,  
 And in their wishes stab the absent Foe.  
 Some bear their Wives, amidst ten thousand  
     fears,  
 In sad imbrace ; and some their aged Sires :  
 The tender Youth, unus'd to Burdens, bear  
 Only that with 'em for which most they fear :  
 Some less discreet, strive to bear all away,  
 And only for the Foes prepare the Prey.  
 So in a Storm when no Sea-arts avail  
 To guide the Ship with any certain sail ;  
 Some bind the shatter'd Mast, with thoughts secure  
 Others are swimming t'ward the peaceful shore ;  
 While with full sails kind Fortune these implore.



# Titus Petronius Arbiter.

95

*But why do we of such small fears complain,  
 With both the Consuls greater Pompey ran,  
 That Asia aw'd, in dire Hydaspes grown  
 The only Rock, its Pyrates split upon ;  
 Whose third Triumph o're Earth made Jove afraid,  
 Proud with success he'd next his Heaven invade :  
 To whom the Ocean yielding honours gave,  
 And rougher Bospherus humbly still'd his wave.  
 Yet he, of Empires and of Men the shame,  
 Quitting the honour of a Ruler's name,  
 Meanly at once abandon'd Rome and Fame.  
 Now this to Heaven it self does fears impart,  
 And the mild train of quiet Gods depart ;  
 Frighted with Wars they quit the impious World,  
 And leave Mankind in wild confusion hurPd.  
 Fair Peace, as leader of the Goodly Train,  
 Beating her Snowy Arms, did first complain :  
 A wreath of Olives bound her drooping head,  
 And to Hell's dark insatiate Realms she fled.  
 Justice and Faith on her attending went,  
 And mournful Concord with her Garment rent.  
 On th' other side from Hell's wide gaping Jaws,  
 A Train of dire Inhabitants arose :  
 Dreadful Erinnyes, fierce Bellona there,  
 Fraud, and Megæra arm'd with brands of fire,  
 And th' Gasty Image of pale death appear :*

Disorder'd

*Disorder'd Rage from all her Fetters freed,  
 Proudly 'midst these lifts her distracted head,  
 And her backt face with bloody Helmet hid.  
 On her left arm a Target old and worn,  
 Pierc'd with innumerable Darts was born,  
 And brands of fire supported in her right,  
 The impious World with flames and ruin threat.  
 The Gods descending, leave their still abode,  
 And the Stars wondring miss their usual Load;  
 For all the Inhabitants of Heaven come,  
 Choosing their sides, with factious fury down.  
 For Cæsar first Dione does appear,  
 Pallas and Mars with his huge brandisht Spear;  
 Phæbe and Phæbus too for Cæsar came,  
 And with Cyllenius, to fill the Train,  
 Alcides went, in all his acts the same.*

*The Trumpets sound, when from the Stygian  
 shade*

*Wild Discord raises her disorder'd head;  
 From whose swoln Eyes there ran a briny flood,  
 And Blood congeal'd o're all her Visage stood;  
 Her hideous rows of Brazen Teeth were furr'd,  
 A filthy Gore there issu'd from her tongue,  
 With Snaky Locks her Guarded head was hung;  
 Rent and divided did her Garb betray  
 The Image of the Breast on which it lay;  
 And brandisht Flames her trembling hand obey.*

*Thus*

*Thus from Hell's deeps she past with dire design,  
Up to the top of Noble Appennine,  
From whose proud height she all the World de-*  
*scri'd.*

*Earth, Seas, and Armies march on every side,  
And bursting out at length, with fury cry'd,*

*Let murderous rage the World to Arms inspire,  
That every Nation may appear a fire :*

*No age or sex shall from the War be free,  
Nor subtle Fear be a security.*

*The Earth it self shall tremble, and the shock  
Make Mountains cleft against each others knock.*

*Marcellus guide the Laws, Curio the Crowd,  
Let Lentulus inspire the Warlike God.*

*But why is't Cæsar such slow measures takes ?*

*Not scale the Walls? Nor force th' aspiring Gates,*

*Nor to the Town, nor to the Treasure makes ?*

*At Rome, if Pompey fears th' approaching Foe,  
Let him to fatal Epidamnum go :*

*Fill all its Plains with blood. Thus discord said,  
And impious earth her black Decrees obey'd.*

When *Eumolpus*, with his usual freedom,  
had deliver'd himself of this, we arrived  
at *Crotona* ; where having refresh'd our  
selves in a little Inn we took up at, the

† H

next

next day, designing an Enlargement of our House and Fortune, we fell into the company of some Parasitical *Corbacchio's*; who immediately enquir'd what we were, and whence we came? When, according to our contrivance, prudently advancing our Characters, we told the credulous Parasites whence we came, and who we were. Upon which, immediately all their Fortunes were at *Eumolpus's* Feet; and each, to ingratiate himself into his favour, strove to exceed the rest in presenting him.

While this Flood of Fortune was for a long time flowing on us, *Eumolpus*, 'midst his happiness, having lost the memory of his former condition, so boasted his Interest, that he affirm'd, none in *Crotona* cou'd resist his desires; and that what e're Crime any of us shou'd act, he had Friends enough to wipe off the Guilt.

But, tho' our daily increasing Riches, left my pamper'd body no desire unsatisfy'd; and tho' I flatter'd my self into an opinion that ill Fortune had taken her last leave of me, yet not only the thoughts of my present condition, but the means of getting to't, wou'd oft break in upon my Joys, and bitter all  
the

the sweet. And what, said I to my self, if some one, wiser than the rest, shou'd dispatch a Messenger for *Africk*; shou'd not we soon be discover'd? What if the Slave *Eumolpus*, pickt up, glutt'd with his present happiness, shou'd betray us to his Companions, and maliciously discover the whole Cheat? we should then be put upon the strole again, and be oblig'd with shame to renew our former beggery. Heavens, how ill it fares with wicked lives! they ever expect the punishment they deserve.

'Going out full of these thoughts to divert my concern, I resolv'd on a Walk, 'but I had scarce got into a publick one, 'e're a pretty Girl made up to me, and 'calling me *Polyænus*, told me her Lady 'wou'd be proud of an opportunity to 'speak with me.

'You're mistaken, Sweet heart, return'd 'I, in a little heat, I'm but a Servant, of 'another Country too, and not worthy 'of so great a favour.

No Sir, said she, I have commands to you; but because you know what you can do, you're proud; and if a Lady wou'd receive a favour from you, I see she must buy it: For to what end are all those allurements, forsooth? the Curl'd

Hair, the Complexion advanc'd by a Wash, and the wanton roll of your Eyes, the study'd Air of your Gate? unless by showing your Parts, to invite a Purchaser? For my part I am neither a Witch, nor a Conjuror, yet can guess at a Man by his Physiognomy. And when I find a Spark walking, I know his Contemplation. To be short, Sir, if so be you are one of them that sell their Ware, I'll procure you a Merchant; but if you're a Courteous Lender, confer the benefit. As for your being a Servant, and below, as you say, such a favour, it increases the flames of her that's dying for you. 'Tis the wild Extravagance of some Women to be in love with Filth, nor can be rais'd to an appetite, but by the Charms forsooth of some Slave or Lacquy; some can be pleas'd with nothing but the strutting of a Prize-fighter with a Hackt-face, and a Red Ribbon in his Shirt: Or an Actor betray'd to prostitute himself on th' Stage, by the vanity of showing his pretty Shapes there; of this sort is my Lady; who indeed, added she, prefers the paultry Lover of the Upper Gallery, with his dirty Face, and Oaken Staff, to all the fine Gentlemen of the Boxes, with their Patches, Gunpowder-spots, and Tooth-pickers,



pickers. When pleas'd with the humour of her Talk, I beseech you, Child, said I, are you the she that's so in love with my person? Upon which the Maid fell into a fit of Laughing. I wou'd not return'd she, have you so extreamly flatter your self, I never yet truckl'd to a Waiter, nor will *Venus* allow I shou'd embrace a Gibbet. You must address your self to Ladies that kiss the Ensigns of Slavery; be assur'd that I, though a Servant, have too fine a tast to converse with any below a Knight. I was amaz'd at the relation of such unequal passions, and thought it miraculous to find a Servant, with the scornful pride of a Lady, and a Lady with the humility of a Servant.

Our pleasant Discourse continuing, I desir'd her to bring her Lady: she readily consented, and taking hold of her Petticoats, tript it into a Lawrel Labyrinth, that border'd on the Walk; 'twas not long e're she usher'd her Lady to me; a Beauty excelling even the flattery of Painters; words can't express so perfect a Creature; whatever I shou'd say of her wou'd fall short of what she was. Her Hair spread all o're her Shoulders, and seem'd in easie Curls to wanton in

## The SATYR of

the Air. Her Forehead oval, and that naturally inclin'd the Hair to its advantage. The proportion of her Eye-brows was most correct. Her Eyes eclyps't the Glory of the brightest Star. Her Nose had an easie turn, and Mouth was such *Praxiteles* believ'd *Venus* had. Then her Chin, her Neck, her Arms, and Feet, gently girt with Embroider'd Sandals, to whose whiteness the *Parian* Marble wou'd serve but as a foil. 'Twas then I began to despise my old Mistress *Doris*. And thus broke out :

*Sure amorous Jove's a holy tale above ;  
With fancy'd arts that wait upon his love,  
When we are blest with such a charm as this,  
And be no Rival of our happiness :  
How well the Bull wou'd now the God become :  
Or his Grey-bairs to be transform'd to Down ?  
Here's Danae's self, a touch from her wou'd fire,  
And make the God in Liquid joys expire.*

She was pleas'd, and smil'd with such an air, that, she seem'd like the Moon in all her Glories breaking through a Cloud ; when addressing her self, her pretty Fingers humouring the turn of her Voice, If  
a fine

a fine Woman, and that but this year, has been acquainted with a Man, said she, may deserve your love, let me commend a Mistress to you. I am sensible you have a Comrade already, nor have I thought it below me to inquire it: But why not a Mistress too? I enter the List on the same bottom with your Comrade; nor do I desire to engross all the Caresses; only think me deserving, and confer them as you please.

Let me beseech you, Madam, return'd I, by all those *Cupids* in your Face and Meen, not to scorn to admit a stranger into the number of your Admirers. You'll find him most Religious, if you accept his Devotions, and that you shou'd not suspect I believe the way to this Heaven, unlike all others, may be trod Gratis, I present you with my Comrade.

What? said she, do you give him without whom you cou'd not live? On whose lips your very Being hangs? Whom you so love, as I cou'd you. Her words were attended with such a Grace at their delivery, and the sweet sound so charm'd the yielding air, you wou'd have sworn some Syren had been breathing Melodies. Thus rapt with every thing so amazing, and fancying a Glory

shin'd in every part, I ventur'd to enquire  
 what name the Goddess own'd? My Maid,  
 I perceive, said she, has not inform'd you,  
 I am call'd *Circe*; I would not have you  
 believe, tho' I bear that name, that I de-  
 rive my original from *Apollo*; nor that  
 my Mother, while she lay in the God's  
 Embraces, held the fiery Steeds: Yet I  
 shall know enough of Heaven, if Fate  
 will give you to my Arms. And who  
 knows the dark Decrees? Therefore  
 come, my Dear, and Crown my Wishes.  
 Nor need you fear any Malicious distur-  
 ber of our Joys. Your Comrade is far  
 enough from hence.

Upon which, she threw her Downy  
 Arms about me, and led me to a Plat of  
 Ground, the Pride of Nature, deckt  
 with a gay variety of every pleasing ob-  
 ject.

*On Ida's top, when Jove his Nymph carest,  
 And Lawless heat in open view exprest:*

*His Mother Earth in all her Charms was seen.*

*The Rose, the Violet, the sweet Jessamin,*

*And the fair Lilly smiling on the Green.*

*Such was the Plat on which my Venus lay,*

*But secret our love, more Glorious the Day,*

*When all around was bright, and as the Nymph*

*as Gay.*

Here

Here we prepar'd for Battel, and through ten thousand Kisses prest to a closer engagement; but a sudden weakness rob'd me of my arms. Thus cheated in her expectation, she highly resenting it, askt whether her Lips, her Breath, or some ill scent of any part of her, offended me? Or if none of those, whether I fear'd *Gito*?

I was so asham'd of my self, that if there was any spark of the Man left in me, I lost it. And finding every part of me feeble, and as it were lifeless: I beseech you, Madam, said I, don't triumph o're my misery: I'm surely bewitcht.

'So slight an excuse cou'd not allay her 'resentment, but giving me a disdainful 'glance, she turn'd to her Maid, and, I prithee *Crysis*, said she, be free with me, don't flatter your Mistress, Is there any thing misbecoming or ungentile about me? Or have I us'd Art to hide any natural deformity? I don't know how you've dress'd me to day.

Upon which, e're *Chrysis* cou'd make a return, she snatcht a Pocket-glass from her, and after she had practis'd all her Looks, to try if any appear'd less charming than before, she took hold of her  
Petti-

Petticoats that were a little rumpl'd with lying on, and immediately ran to a Neighbouring Temple dedicated to *Venus*.

I could not tell what to say or do, but as if I had seen a Vision, at last began with horror to consider whether I had been rob'd of any real joy.

*So when a Dream our wandring Eyes betrays,  
'And to our side some hidden Gold conveys;  
Our busie hands th' inviting Treasure seize,  
'And hide in guilty folds the fancy'd prize.  
Sweating we fear lest any conscious spy,  
Might search our bosom, and the theft descry.  
But with our sleep when all our joys are o're,  
'And minds restor'd to what they were before,  
Concern'd, we wish the fancy'd Loss regain'd,  
And with the Image still are entertain'd.*

' This misfortune might make me justly  
' think it not only a true Vision, but  
' real Witchcraft; for I had so long lost  
' my strength I cou'd not rise: my mind  
' at last, a little freed, began by degrees to  
' recover its vigour, upon which I went  
' to my Lodging, and dissembling a faint-  
' ness, lay down on the bed. A little after  
' *Gito*, being inform'd I was ill, came to me  
' much



‘ much troubl’d; but to allay his concern,  
 ‘ I told him I was only a little weary, and  
 ‘ had a mind for a Nap. Several things I  
 ‘ talkt to him of, but not a word of my  
 ‘ last adventure, for I was afraid because I  
 ‘ knew he envy’d every one that had a  
 ‘ Charm for me, and to prevent his suspi-  
 ‘ cion, throwing my Arms about him, I  
 ‘ endeavour’d to give a proof of my love;  
 ‘ but disappointed of the expectation I had  
 ‘ rais’d him to, he rose very angry from  
 ‘ my side, and accusing my weakness, and  
 ‘ strange behaviour to him, told me that  
 ‘ of late he had found my chief favours  
 ‘ were bestow’d in anothers Arms.

‘ My Love to you, *Gito*, said I, has  
 ‘ ever been the same, but now my Dan-  
 ‘ cing-days submit to reason.

Therefore, said he, Laughing at me,  
 in the name of *Socrates*, I thank you, be-  
 cause like him, you propose to love me:  
*Alcibiades*, *Encolpius*, did not rise a Vir-  
 gin from that Philosopher’s side.

Then added I, believe me, *Gito*, I  
 hardly know I’ve any thing of Man about  
 me, now useless lyes the terrible part,  
 where once I was *Achilles*.

When he found how unfit I was to  
 confer the Favours he wanted, and to  
 prevent a suspicion of his privacy with  
 me,

me, he jump't up and ran to another part of the House.

He was hardly gone, e're *Chrysis* enter'd my Chamber, and gave me a Billet from her Mistress, in which I found this written :

**H**AD I rais'd my expectation, I might deceiv'd, complain ; now I'm oblig'd to your impotence, that has made me sensible how much too long I have triff'd with mistaken hopes of pleasure. Tell me, Sir, how you design to bestow your self, and whether you dare rashly venture home on your own Legs ? for no Physician ever allow'd it cou'd be done without strength. Let me advise your tender years to beware of a Palsie : I never saw any body in such danger before. On my Conscience you are just going ! and shou'd the same rude Chillness seize your other parts, I might be soon, alas ! put upon the severe trial of weeping at your Funeral. But if you would not suspect me of being sincere, tho' my resentment can't equal the injury, yet I shall not envy the Cure of a weak unhappy Wretch. If you wou'd recover your strength, ask *Gito*, or rather not ask him for't.—I can assure a return of  
your

your vigour if you cou'd sleep three nights alone : As to my self I am not in the least apprehensive of appearing to another less Charming than I have to you. I am told neither my Glass nor report does flatter me. Farewell, if you can.

When *Chrysis* found I had read the reproach, this is the custom, Sir, said she, and chiefly of this City, where the Women are skill'd in Magick-charms, enough to make the Moon confess their power ; therefore the recovery of any useful Instrument of Love becomes their care ; 'tis only writing some soft tender things to my Lady, and you make her happy in a kind return. For 'tis confess, since her Disappointment, she has not been her self ; I readily consented, and calling for Paper, thus address my self :

**T**IS confess, Madam, I have often sinned, for I'm not only a Man, but a very young one, yet never left the Field so dishonourably before. You have at your Feet a confessing Criminal, that deserves whatever you inflict : I have cut a Throat, betray'd my Country, committed Sacrilege ; if a punishment for any of these will serve, I am ready to receive

receive sentence. If you fancy my death, I wait you with my Sword ; but if a beating will content you, I fly naked to your Arms. Only remember, that 'twas not the Workman , but his Instruments that fail'd : I was ready to engage, but wanted Arms. Who rob'd me of them, I know not ; perhaps my eager mind outrun my body ; or while with an unhappy haste I aim'd at all ; I was cheated with abortive joys. I only know I don't know what I've done : You bid me fear a Palsie, as if the Disease cou'd do greater that has already rob'd me of that , by which I shou'd have purchas'd you. All I have to say for my self, is this, that I will certainly pay with interest the Ar-rears of Love, if you allow me time to repair my misfortune.

Having sent back *Chrysis* with this Answer, to encourage my jaded Body, after the Bath and Strengthening Oyles, had a little rais'd me, I apply'd my self to provocation-meats, such as strong Broths and Eggs, using Wine very moderately ; upon which to settle my self, I took a little Walk, and returning to my Chamber, slept that night without *Gito* ; so great was my care to acquit my self honourably

## Titus Petronius Arbiter.

III

nourably with my Mistress, that I was afraid he might have tempted my constancy, by tickling my side.

The next day rising without prejudice, either to my body or spirits, I went, tho' I fear'd the place was ominous, to the same Walk, and expected *Chrysis* to conduct me to her Mistress; I had not been long there, e're she came to me, and with her a little Old Woman. After she had saluted me, What, my nice Sir *Courtly*, said she, does your Stomach begin to come to you?

At what time, the Old Woman, drawing from her bosome, a wreath of many colours, bound my Neck; and having mixt spittle and dust, she dipt her finger in't, and markt my Fore-head, whether I wou'd or not.

When this part of the Charm was over, she made me spit thrice, and as often prest to my bosome Enchanted Stones, that she had wrapt in purple; after which, she began to examin my Breeches, when quick as thought, the swelling Inhabitant obey'd her power, and gave her above two hands-full: She, was all joy; and d'ye see, my *Chrysis*, said she, d'ye see what a Hare *I have started*, for another to have the pleasure of the Chace.

Never

*Never despair ; Priapus I invoke  
To help the parts that make his Altars smoke.*

‘ After this, the Old Woman presented  
‘ me to *Chrysis* ; who was very glad she  
‘ had recover’d her Mistress’s Treasure ;  
‘ and therefore hastning to her, she con-  
‘ ducted me to a most pleasant retreat,  
‘ deckt with all that Nature cou’d pro-  
‘ duce to please the sight.

*Where lofty Plains o’re-spread a Summer shade,  
And well trimm’d Pines their shaking tops dis-  
play’d,*  
*Where Daphne ’midst the Cyprus crown’d her  
Head.*

*Near these, a circling River gently flows,  
And rolls the Pebbles as it murmuring goes.  
A place design’d for Love, the Nightringale  
And other wing’d Inhabitants can tell.  
That on each Bush salute the coming day,  
And in their Orgyes sing its hours away.*

She was in an undress, reclining on a flow-  
ry bank, and diverting her self with a Myr-  
tle Branch ; as soon as I appear’d, she  
blusht, as mindful of her disappointment :  
*Chrysis,*



*Chrysis*, very prudently withdrew, and when we were left together, I approacht the Temptation; at what time, she skreen'd my face with the Myrtle, and as if there had been a wall between us, becoming more bold; what, my chill'd Spark, began she, have you brought all your self to day?

Do you ask, Madam, I return'd, rather than try? and throwing my self to her, that with open Arms was eager to receive me, we kist a little Age away; when giving the signal to prepare for other Joys, she drew me to a more close Imbrace; and now, our murmuring Kisses their sweet fury tell; now, our twining Limbs, try'd every fold of Love; now, lockt in each others Arms, our Bodies and our Souls are join'd: But even here, alas! even amidst these sweet beginnings, a suddain chillness prest upon my Joys, and made me leave 'em not compleat.

*Circe*, enrag'd to be so affronted, had recourse to Revenge, and calling the Grooms that belong'd to the House, made them give me a warming; nor was she satisfi'd with this, but calling all the Servant-Wenches, and meanest of the House, she made 'em spit upon me. I hid my

† I

Head

Head as well as I cou'd, and, without begging pardon, for I knew what I had deserv'd, am turn'd out of doors, with a large Retinue of kicks and spittle : *Pro-selenos*, the Old Woman was turn'd out too, and *Chrysis* beaten; and the whole Family wondering with themselves, enquir'd the Cause of their Lady's disorder.

I hid my bruises as well as I cou'd, lest my Rival *Eumolpus* might sport with my shame, or *Gito* be concern'd at it; therefore, as the only way to disguise my Misfortune, I began to dissemble Sickness, and having got in Bed, to revenge my self of that part of me, that had been the Cause of all my Misfortunes; when taking hold of it,

*With dreadful Steel, the part I wou'd have lopt,  
Twice from my trembling Hand the Razor dropt.  
Now, what I might before, I cou'd not do,  
For cold as Ice the fearful Thing withdrew;  
And shrunk behind a wrinckled Canopy,  
Hiding his Head from my Revenge and me.  
Tous, by his fear, I'm baulkt of my design,  
When I in words more killing vent my spleen.*

At what time, raising my self on the Bed, in this or the like manner, I reproacht the sullen impotent: With what face can you look up, thou shame of Heaven and Man? that can'st not be seriously mention'd. Have I deserv'd from you, when rais'd within sight of Heavens of Joys, to be struck down to the lowest Hell? To have a scandal fixt on the very prime and vigour of my Years, and to be reduc'd to the weakness of an Old Man? I beseech you, Sir, give me an Epitaph on my departed vigour; tho' in a great heat I had thus said,

*He still continu'd looking on the ground,  
Nor more, at this had rais'd his guilty Head,  
Than th' drooping Poppy on its tender stalk.*

Nor when I had done, did I less repent of my ridiculous Passion, and with a conscious blush, began to think, how unaccountable it was, that forgetting all shame, I shou'd contend with that part of me, that all Men of Sence, reckon not worth their thoughts. A little after, relapsing to my former humour: But what's the Crime, began I, if by a Natural complaint I was eas'd of my grief?

or how is it, that we blame our Stomachs  
or Bellies, when 'tis our Heads that are  
distemper'd? Did not *Ulysses* beat his  
breast, as if that had disturb'd him? And  
don't we see the Actors punish their  
Eyes, as if they heard the Tragick Scene?  
Those that have the Gout in their Legs,  
Swear at them: Those that have it in  
their Fingers, do so by them: Those  
that have sore Eyes, are angry with  
their Eyes.

*Why do ye strickt-liv'd Cato's of the Age,  
At my familiar lines so gravely rage?  
In measures loosely plain, blunt Satyr flows,  
Which all the People so sincerely shows.  
For whose a Stranger to the Joys of Love?  
Who, can't the thoughts of such soft Pleasures  
move?  
Such Epicurus own'd the chiefest blifs,  
And such Lives the Gods themselves possess.*

There's nothing more deceitful than  
a ridiculous Opinion, nor more ridicu-  
lous, than an affected Gravity. After  
this, I call'd *Giro* to me; and tell me,  
said I, but sincerely, whether *Ascylos*,  
when he took you from me, pursu'd the  
injury that Night, or was Chastly con-  
tent;

tent to lye alone? The Boy with his finger at his Eyes, took a solemn Oath, that he had no incivility offer'd him by *Ascylos*.

This drove me to my Wits end, nor did I well know what to say : For why, I consider'd, shou'd I think of the twice mischievous accident that lately besell me? At last, I did what I cou'd to recover my vigour ; and willing to invoke the assistance of the Gods, I went out to pay my Devotions to *Priapus*, and as wretched as I was, did not despair, but kneeling at the entry of the Chamber, thus beseecht the God :

*Bacchus and Nymphs delight, O mighty God !  
Whom Cynthia gave to Rule the blooming wood.  
Lesbos and verdant Thafos thee adore,  
And Lydians, in loose flowing Dress implore, }  
And raise devoted Temples to thy Power.  
Thou Dayard's Joy, and Bacchus's Guardian,  
bear  
My conscious Prayer, with an attentive Ear.  
My Hands with guiltless Blood I never stain'd,  
Or Sacrilegiously the Gods Prophan'd,  
To feeble me, restoring Blessings send,  
I did not thee, with my whole self offend.*

*The SATYR of*

*Who Sins thro' weakness is less guilty thought,  
 Be pacify'd, and spare a Venial Fault.  
 On me, when Fate shall smiling Gifts bestow,  
 I'll not ungrateful to thy Godhead go.  
 A destin'd Goat shall on thy Altar lye,  
 And the born'd Parent of my Flock shall dye.  
 A sucking Pig appease thy injur'd Shrine,  
 And ballow'd Bowls o're-flow with generous Wine.  
 Then thrice thy frantick Votaries shall round  
 Thy Temple Dance, with Youth and Garlands  
 crown'd,  
 In Holy Drunkenness thy Orgies sound.*

While I was thus at Prayers, an Old  
 Woman, with her hair about her Eyes,  
 and disfigur'd with a mournful Habit,  
 coming in, disturb'd my Devotions;  
 when taking hold of me, she drew me all  
 fear out of the entry; and what Hag,  
 said she, has devour'd your Manhood?  
 Or what Ominous Carcass have you  
 stumbl'd over in your Nightly walks?  
 You have not acquitted your self above  
 a Boy; but faint, weak, and like a Horse  
 o're-charg'd in a sleep, tyr'd, have lost  
 your toyl and sweat; nor content to sin  
 alone, but you have unreveng'd against  
 me, provokt the offended Gods.

When



When leading me, obedient to all her Commands, a second time to the Cell of a Neighbouring Priestess of *Priapus*; she threw me upon the Bed, and taking up a stick that fastned the door, reveng'd her self on me, that very patiently receiv'd her fury: and at the first stroak, if the breaking of the stick had not lessned its force, she might have broke my Head and Arm.

I groan'd, and hiding with my Arm my Head, in a flood of Tears lean'd on the Pillow: Nor did she then, less troubled, sit on the Bed, and began in a shrill voice to blame her Age, till the Priestess came in upon us; and what, said she, do you do in my Chappel, as if some Funeral had lately been, rather than a Holy-day, in which, even the mournful are merry.

Alas, my *Enothea*! said she, this Youth was born under an ill Star; for neither Boy nor Maid can raise him to a perfect Appetite; you ne're beheld a more unhappy Man: In his Garden, the weak *Willow*, not the lusty *Cedar* grows; in short, you may guess what he is, that cou'd rise Unblest from *Circe's* Bed.

Upon this, *Enothea* fixt her self between us, and moving her Head a while;

## The SATYR of

I, said she, am the only one that can  
give a Remedy for that Disease; and not  
to delay it, let him sleep with me to  
Night; and next Morning, Examine  
how vigorous I shall have made him.

*All Natures Works my Magick Powers obey,*  
*The blooming Earth shall wither and decay,*  
*And when I please, agen be fresh and gay.* }

*From rugged Rocks, I make sweet waters flow,*  
*And raging Billows to me humbly bow.*

*With Rivers, Winds, when I command, obey,*  
*And at my feet, their Fans contracted lay,*  
*Tygers and Dragons too, my Will obey.* }

*But these are small, when of my Magick Verse,*  
*Descending Cynthia does the power confess.*

*When my Commands, make trembling Phæbus*  
*Reign,*

*His fiery Steeds, their Journey back again.*

*Such power have Charms, by whose prevailing aid*  
*The fury of the raging Bulls was laid.*

*The Heaven-born Circe, with her Magick Song,*  
*Ulysses's Men, did into Monsters turn.*

*Proteus, with this assum'd, what shape he wou'd.*

*I, who this Art so long have understood,*  
*Can send proud Ida's top into the Main,*  
*And make the billows bear it up again.*

I shook with fear at such a Romantick Promise, and began more intently to view the Old Woman : Upon which, she cry'd out, O *Enothea*, be as good as your word ; when, carefully wiping her Hands, she lay down on the Bed, and half smother'd me with Kisses.

*Enothea*, in the middle of the Altar, plac'd a Turf-Table, which she heap'd with burning coals, and her old crackt Cup (for Sacrifice) repair'd with temper'd pitch ; when she had fixt it to the smoaky-wall from which she took it ; putting on her Habit, she plac'd a Kettle by the Fire, and took down a Bag that hung near her, in which, a Bean was kept for that use, and a very aged piece of a Hog's Forehead, with the print of a hundred cuts out ; when opening the bag, she threw me a part of the Bean, and bid me carefully strip it. I obey her Command, and try, without daubing my fingers, to deliver the grain from its nasty coverings ; but she, blaming my dullness, snatcht it from me, and skilfully tearing its shells with her Teeth, spit the black morsels from her, that lay like dead Flies on the ground. *How ingenious is Poverty, and what strange Arts will Hunger teach ?* The Priests seem'd so great a  
 Lover

Lover of this sort of Life, that her Humour appear'd in every thing about her, and her Hut might be truly term'd, Sacred to Poverty.

*Here shines no glittering Ivory set with Gold,  
No Marble covers the deluded Mold,  
By its own Wealth deluded; but the Shrine  
With simple Natural Ornaments does shine.  
Round Cere's Bower, but homely Willows grow,  
Earthen are all the Sacred Bowls they know.  
Ofter the Dish, Sacred to use Divine:  
Both course and stain'd, the Jug that holds the  
Wine.*

*Mud mixt with straw, make a defending Fort,  
The Temple's brazen studs, are knobs of dirt.  
With Rush and Reed, is thatcht the Hut it self,  
Where, besides what is on a smoaky shelf,  
Ripe Service-Berries into Garlands bound,  
And savory-bunches with dry'd Grapes are found.  
Such a low Cottage Hecale confin'd,  
Low was her Cottage, but sublime her Mind.  
Her bounteous Heart, a grateful Praise shall crown,  
And Muses make Immortal her Renown.*

After which, she tasted of the flesh,  
and hanging the rest, old as her self, on  
the hook again; the rotten Stool on which  
she

she was mounted breaking, threw her on the fire, her fall split the Kettle, and what it held put out the fire; she burnt her Elbow, and all her face was hid with the ashes that her fall had rais'd.

Thus disturb'd, I arose, and Laughing, took her up; immediately, lest any thing shou'd hinder the offering, she ran for new fire to the Neighbourhood, and had hardly got to the door, e're I was set upon by three Sacred Geese, that daily, I believe, about that time were fed by the Old Woman; they made an hideous noise, and, surrounding me, one tears my Coat, another my Shooes, while their furious Captain made nothing of doing so by my Legs; till seeing my self in danger, I began to be in earnest, and snatching up one of the feet of our little Table, made the valiant Animal feel my arm'd hand; nor content with a slight blow or two, but reveng'd my self with its death.

*Such were the Birds Alcides did subdue,  
That from his Conquering Arm t'ward Heaven  
Flew :*

*Such sure the Harpyes were which Poyson strow'd,  
On Cheated Phineus's false deluding food.*

*Lond*

*Loud Lamentations shake the trembling Air,  
The Powers above the wild confusion share,  
Horrorrs disturb the Order of the Sky,  
And frighted Stars beyond their Courses fly.*

By this time the other two had eat up the pieces of the Bean that lay scatter'd on the Floor, and having lost their Leader, return'd to the Temple. When glad of the Booty, and my revenge, I heal'd the slight Wound in my Leg with Vinegar. But fearing the Old Womans anger, I design'd to make off; and taking up my Cloaths, began my march; nor had I reacht the door, e're I saw *Enothea* bringing in her hand an Earthen Pot fill'd with Fire; upon which I retreated, and throwing down my Cloaths, fixt my self in the Entry, as if I were impatiently expecting her coming.

*Enothea*, entring, plac'd the Fire, that with broken Sticks she had got together, and having heapt more Wood upon those, began to excuse her stay, that her Friend wou'd not let her go before she had, against the Laws of Drinking, taken off three Healths together. When looking about her, What, said she, have you been doing in my absence? Where's the Bean?



I, who thought I had behav'd my self very honourably, told her the whole fight; and to end her grief, for the loss of the Bean, presented the Goose: when I shew'd the Goose, the Old Woman set up such an out-cry, that you wou'd have thought the Geese were re-entring the place.

In confusion and amaz'd, at so strange a humour, I askt the meaning of her passion? or why she pity'd the Goose rather than me.

But wringing her hands, you wicked Wretch, said she, d'ye speak too? D'ye know what you've done? You've kill'd the Gods delight, a Goose the pleasure of all Matrons: And, lest you shou'd think your self innocent, if a Magistrate shou'd hear of it, you'd be hang'd. You have defil'd with blood my Cell, that to this day had been inviolate. You have done that, for which, if any's so malicious, he may expel me my Office.

*She said, and trembling, rends her aged Hairs,  
And both her Cheeks with wilder fury tears:  
Sad murmurs from her troubl'd breast arise,  
A Shower of tears there issu'd from her eyes.*

*And*

*And down her face a rapid deluge run,  
Such as is seen, when a Hills frosty Crown,  
By warm Favonius is melted down.* }

Upon which, I beseech you, said I,  
don't grieve, I'll recompence the loss of  
your Goose with an Ostrich.

While amaz'd I spoke, she sat down on  
the Bed, lamented her loss ; at what time  
*Profelenas* came in with the Sacrifice, and  
viewing the murder'd Goose, and enqui-  
ring the cause, began very earnestly to  
cry and pity me, as it had been a Father,  
not a Goose I had slain. But tired with  
this stuff, I beseech ye, said I, tell me,  
tho' it had been a Man I kill'd, won't  
Gold wipe off the Guilt? See here are  
two Pieces of Gold : with these you may  
purchase Gods as well as Geese.

Which, when *Enothea* beheld, Pardon  
me, Young Man, said she, I am only  
concern'd for your safety, which is an  
argument of Love, not Hatred ; there-  
fore we'll take what care we can to pre-  
vent a discovery : You have nothing to  
do, but intreat the Gods to forgive the  
Sin.

*Who e're has Money may securely sail,  
On all things with all-mighty Gold prevail.*

*May*

*May Danae wed, or Rival amo'rous Jove,  
And make her Father Pandar to his Love.  
May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too :  
And bawling win the cause he does not know :  
And up to Cato's Fame for wisdom grow.  
Wealth without Law will gain at Bar renown,  
How e're the case appears, the cause is won,  
Every rich Lawyer is a Littleton.  
In short of all you wish you are possess,  
All things prevent the Wealthy man's request,  
For Jove himself 's the Treasure of his Chest.*

While my thoughts were thus engag'd,  
she plac'd a Cup of Wine under my  
hands, and having cleans'd my prophane  
extended fingers with sacred Leeks and  
Parsley, threw into the Wine, with some  
Ejaculation, Hazel-Nuts, and as they  
sunk or swam gave her judgment ; but I  
well knew the empty rotten ones wou'd  
swim, and those of entire Kernels go to  
the bottom.

When applying her self to the Goose,  
from its open'd Breast, she drew a lusty  
Liver, and then told me my future For-  
tune. But that no mark of the Murder  
might be left, she fixt the rent Goose to  
a Spit, which, as she said, she had fat-  
ten'd

ten'd a little before, as sensible it was to die.

In the mean time the Wine went briskly round, and now the Old Women gladly devour the Goose, they so lately lamented; when they had pickt its Bones, *Enothea* half drunk, turn'd to me; and now, said she, I'll finish the Charm that recovers your strength: When drawing out a Leathern Ensign of *Priapus*, She dipt it in a medley of Oyl, small Pepper, and the bruis'd seed of Nettles, and began by degrees to direct its passage through my hinder parts; with this mixture she barbarously sprinkl'd my Manhood; and with the juice of *Cresses* and *Sutherlandwood* washing the Plat around it, began with a bunch of Green Nettle, to strike gently all the Vale below my Navel. Upon which jumping from her, to avoid the sting, I made off. The Old Women in a great rage pursu'd me, and, tho' drunk with Wine, and their more hot desires, took the right way; and follow'd me through two or three Villages, crying stop Thief; but with my hands all bloody, in the hasty flight, I got off.

When I got home, to ease my wearied Limbs, I went to Bed, but the thoughts of

my misfortunes would not let me sleep ; when considering how unparallel'd a Wretch I was, I cry'd out, Did my ever cruel Fortune want the afflictions of love to make me more miserable ? O unhappiness ! Fortune and Love conspire my ruin. Severer love spares me no way, or loving, or belov'd, a Wretch : *Chrysis* adores me, and is ever giving me occasions to address : She, that when she brought me to her Mistress, despis'd me for my mean habit as one beneath her desires ; that very *Chrysis* that so scorn'd my former fortune, pursues this even with the hazard of her own ; and swore, when she first discover'd to me the violence of her love, that she wou'd be ever true to me. But *Circé's* in possession of my heart, I value none but her ; and indeed who wears such Charms ? Compar'd to her, what was *Ariadne* or *Lyda* ? what *Helen*, or even *Venus* ? *Paris* himself the Umpire of the wanton Nymphs, if with these eyes he had seen her contending for the Golden Apple, wou'd have given both his *Helen*, and the Goddesses for her. If I might be admitted to kiss her sweet lips again, or once more press her divinely rising Breasts, perhaps my vigour wou'd revive, which now I believe lyes

opprest by Witchcraft. I shou'd dispence  
with my reproaches, shou'd forget that I  
was beat; esteem my being turn'd out of  
doors, a sport; so I might be again hap-  
py in her favour.

These thoughts and the Image of the  
beautiful *Circes* so rais'd my mind, that I  
oft, as if my love was in my arms, with  
a great deal of fruitless ardor hug'd the  
Bed-cloaths, till out of patience with the  
lasting affliction I began to reproach my  
impotence; yet recovering my presence  
of mind, I flew for comfort to the mis-  
fortunes of ancient *Hero's*, and thus broke  
out :

*Not only me th' avenging Gods pursue,  
Oft they their anger on their Hero's threw ;  
By Juno's rage Alcides Heaven bore,  
And Pelia's injur'd Juno knew before.  
Lcomedon Heaven's dire resentments felt,  
And Teleplus's blood washt out his guilt.  
We cannot from the wrathful Godhead run ;  
Crafty Ulysses cou'd not Neptune shun.  
Provokt Priapus o're the Land and Sea,  
Has left his Hellespont to follow me.*

Full of anxious cares I spent the night :  
and *Gito*, inform'd that I lay at home, en-  
ter'd



ter'd my Chamber by day-break, when having passionately complain'd of my loose life, he told me the Family took much notice of my behaviour, that I was seldom in waiting, and that perhaps the Company I kept wou'd be my ruin.

By this I understood he was inform'd of my Affairs; and that some one had been in pursuit of me; upon which I askt my *Gito* whether any body was to enquire for me? Not this day, said he, but yesterday there came a very pretty Woman, who, when she had tir'd me with a long sitting-Discourse; at last told me you deserv'd to be punisht, and shou'd as a Slave, if you longer complain'd.

This so sensibly touch'd me, that I began afresh to reproach Fortune: Nor had I done, e're *Chrysis* came in, and wildly throwing her Arms about me: Now, said she, I'll hold my wish, you're my Love, my Joy; nor may you think to quench this flame, but by a more close embrace.

I was much disturb'd at *Chrysis's* Wantonness, and gave her fair Language, to

† K 2

get

get rid of her ; for I was very apprehensive of the danger of *Eumolpus's* hearing it, since his Good Fortune had made him so proud. I did therefore what I could to appease her rage ; I dissembl'd love, whisper'd soft things, and in short manag'd it so like a Lover, that she believ'd me one. I made her understand in what danger we both were, if she shou'd be found with me in that place, and that our Lord *Eumolpus* punisht the least offence. Upon which she immediately made out, and the more hastily, because she saw *Gito* returning, who had left me a little before she came.

She was scarce out, when on a sudden one of the Slaves came to me, and told me that our Lord so highly resented my two days absence, that unless, as he advis'd me, I invented a good excuse to allay his heat, I shou'd certainly be punish'd.

*Gito* perceiving how concern'd I was, spokc not a word of the Woman, but advis'd me to behave my self merrily to *Eumolpus*, rather than serious. I pursu'd the counsel, and put on so pleasant a face

a face that he receiv'd me in Drollery,  
without the grave stiffness of a Master :  
He was pleasant on the success of my  
Amours: Prais'd my Meen and Wit that  
was so agreeable to the Ladies: and I'm  
no stranger, said he, to your love of  
a very beautiful Lady. But now, *En-*  
*colpius*, that rightly manag'd, may turn  
to our advantage; therefore do you Per-  
sonate the Lover, I'll continue the Cha-  
racter I've begun.

He was yet speaking, when there en-  
ter'd the Room a very Venerable Ma-  
tron, her Name *Philumene*, who by the  
well manag'd Virtues of her Sex had of-  
ten got great Booties, and now grown  
old, and past her blooming years, she'd  
thrust her Son and Daughter upon child-  
less Old-men, and thus continue her de-  
vice. She therefore comes to *Eumolpus*,  
and addressing, commends her Children  
to his Conduct, that her self, and all her  
hopes she committed to his wisdom :  
that he was the only one in this world  
that with useful Precepts cou'd daily in-  
form the minds of young people. In  
short, that she wou'd leave her Children  
there, to hear his Wisdom, which was

the only portion she cou'd give them : Nor was she worse than her word ; and leaving a very beautiful Girl, with her little Brother, went out with pretence to pay Heaven publick thanks in the Temple for what she had receiv'd. *Eumolpus* to whom my self seem'd but a Boy, immediately invited the Girl to sacrifice to *Priapus* ; but having publickly reported himself to be Gouty and feeble, it might endanger his fortune to alter his Character. Therefore to maintain his pretence, he intreated the Girl to favour his weakness by getting uppermost ; the Boy he order'd to get under the Bed, that placing his hands on the Ground, with his Body he might move him up and down. He unwillingly obey'd ; and now in a just motion keeps time with his Sister above. But when the business was coming to an issue, *Eumolpus* loudly call'd to the Boy to quicken his strokes ; and thus plac'd between his Mistress, and the Boy, unconcern'd enjoy'd an easie luxury at others toil and sin. *Eumolpus* pleas'd with the conceit, often repeated his humour. And I too, fearing my Virtues might rust by disuse, while the Boy was admiring his Sisters moving

moving Engine, advanc'd to try whether he would be a Patient in Love. The discreet Youth did not reject the invitation, but my adverse fortune still attended me.

I was not so concern'd at this as the former ; for a little after my strength return'd, and finding my self more vigorous, I cry'd out, the courteous Gods are greater that have made me whole again. For *Mercury*, that conveys and reconveys our souls, by his favours has restor'd, what his anger had seiz'd : now I shall be in as great esteem as *Protesilaus* or any of the Antients. Upon which taking up my Cloaths, I shew'd my whole self to *Eumolpus*, he startl'd at first, but soon, to confirm his belief, with both hands chaf'd the mighty favour of the Gods.

This great blessing making us merry, we laugh'd at *Philumene's* cunning, and her Childrens experience in the art, which wou'd profit 'em little with us ; for to no other end were they left, but to be Heirs to what we had. When reflecting on this sordid manner of deceiving childless age, I took occasion to consider the condition

of our present fortune, and told *Eumolpus* that the deceivers might be deceiv'd, that therefore all our actions shou'd be of a piece with the Character we bore. That *Socrates*, the wisest of Men, us'd to boast he never saw a Tavern, nor ever had been in the common company that frequents such places. That nothing was more convenient than a discreet behaviour. All these are truths ; nor shou'd any sort of Men, added I, more expect the sudden assaults of ill fortune, than those that covet what's other Mens. But how should Pick-Pockets live, unless, by some well order'd trick, to draw Fools together, they get imployment ? As Fish are taken with what they really eat ; so Men are to be cheated with something that's solid, not empty hopes ; thus the People of this Country have hitherto receiv'd us very nobly : but when they find the arrival of no Ship from *Africk*, laden, as you told 'em, with Riches, and your Retinue ; the impatient deceivers will lessen their bounty ; therefore, or I'm mistaken, or Fortune begins to repent her Favours.

I have thought of a means, said *Eumolpus*, to make our deceivers continue their



their care of us. And drawing his Will out of his Purse, thus read the last lines of it.

All that have Legacies in this my last Will and Testament, my freed Men excepted, receives 'em on these conditions, that they divide my Body, and eat it before the People. And that they may not think it an unjust demand, let them know, that to this day 'tis the custom of many Countries, that the Relations of the Dead devour the Carcass; and for that reason they often quarrel with their sick Kindred, because they spoil their flesh by lingring in a Disease. I only instance this to my Friends, that they may not refuse to perform my Will; but with the same sincerity they wisht well to my Soul, they might devour my Body.

When he had read the chief Articles, some that were more intimately acquainted with him, enter'd the Chamber, and viewing the Will, earnestly intreated him to impart the contents of it; he readily consented and read the whole. But when they heard the necessity of eating his Carcass, they seem'd much concern'd

at

at the strange Proposal ; but their insatiate love of the Money made 'em stifle their passion, and his Person was so awful to 'em, they durst not complain. But one of 'em, *Gorgias* by name, briskly told him he was willing to accept the conditions, so he might not wait for the Body.

To this *Eumolpus*, I'm not in the least apprehensive of your performance, nor that your stomach wou'd refuse the task, when to recompence one distasteful minute you promise ages of Luxury. 'Tis but shutting your Eyes, and supposing instead of Man's flesh you were eating an hundred *Sesterces*. Some Sawce may be added to vary the tast ; for no flesh pleases alone, but is prepar'd by art to commend it to the Stomach. If you desire instances of this kind to make ye approve my advice ; the *Saguntines* when they were besieg'd by *Hannibal*, eat Humane Bodies, without the hopes of an Estate for doing it. The *Petavii* reduc'd to the last extremity did the like ; nor had they further hopes in this Banquet than to satisfy Nature. When *Scipio* took *Numantia*, Mothers were found with their  
Children

Children half eaten in their Arms. But since the thoughts only of eating Man's flesh create the loathing ; 'tis but resolving, and you gain the Mighty Legacies I leave you.

*Eumolpus* recounted these shameless inhumanities with so much confusion, that his Parasites began to suspect him, and more nearly considering our words and actions, their jealousy encreas'd with their observation, and they believ'd us perfect Cheats. Upon which those who had receiv'd us most nobly, resolv'd to seize us, and justly take their revenge ; but *Chrysis*, privy to all Stratagems, gave me notice of their designs ; the frightful news so struck me, that I made off with *Gita* immediately, and left *Eumolpus* to the mercy of his Enemies ; and in a few days we heard the *Crotonians* raging, that that old Rascal shou'd live so long at such a sumptuous rate on the publick charge, sacrific'd him the *Massilian* way. Whenever the *Massilians* were visited with a Plague, some one of the poorest of the people, for the sake of being well fed a whole year at the publick charge, wou'd offer himself a Sacrifice to appease the Gods : He after his year was up, drest in Holy Wreaths,

## The SATYR of

Wreath and Sacred Garment, was led about the City with Invocations on the Gods, that all the sins of the Nation might be punisht in him; and so was thrown from a Precipice.

F I N I S.



## ERRATA In the Second Part.

**P**Age. 18. verse 11. for our ruine, read *their ruin* p. 33.  
 line. 4. for *so in a Sheeps hide*, extended, r. *in a Sheeps hide so extended*. p. 37 l. 11. for *rude and neglected*, r. *rude neglected*. p. 40 l. 17. for *desire life*, r. *envy life*. p. 42. l. 22. for *into a Long-Boat*, r. *into the Long-Boat*. p. 44. l. 21. for *so nearly* r. *so nearly*. P. 53. l. 14. for *prescribd*, r. *proscrib'd*. p. 58. v. 2. for *deserv'd the rage*, r. *deserv'd your rage* p. 59. l. 13. for *lest my grudge*. r. *least any grudge*. p. 60. v. 11. for *Mashbroons*, r. *Mushroom*. p. 61. l. penult. for *ye forgot*, r. *they forgot*. p. 83. v. 11. for *more out of fashion*, r. *wore out of fashion*. p. 89. v. 8. for *shake* r. *shook*. p. 94. v. 19. for *the Foes* r. *the Foe*. p. 102. l. 7. for *Praxiletes*, r. *Praxiteles*. p. 116. v. 1. for *why do ye*, r. *why do the*. v. 4. for *which all the People do*, r. *and all the People do*.

*A Catalogue of Books, Printed for  
Sam. Briscoe in Russel-Street  
in Covent-Garden.*

**T**HE History of *Polybius* the *Megalopolitan*, containing a general Account of the Transactions of the World, and principally of the *Roman* People, during the first and second *Punick* Wars, with *Maps*; describing the Places where the most considerable Engagement and Battles were fought, both by Sea and Land: Also an Account of their Policies and Stratagems of War, of the Ancient *Romans*, in Conquering the greatest part of the then known World, in Fifty three years: Translated by Sir *H. S.* To which is added, a Character of *Polybius* and his Writings: By Mr. *Dryden*, in Two Volumes. 8vo. Price 10 s.

The Lives of the Twelve *Cæsars* the first Emperors of *Rome*. Written in *Latin* by *C. Suetonius Tranquillus*. Translated into *English* by several Eminent Hands, with the Heads of the Emperors on Copper-Plates.

The Compleat Captain: Or, *Julius Cæsar's* Commentaries, with Political Remarks

## *A Catalogue of Books.*

marks on the Wars with the *Gauls*, the *Britans*, *Spaniards*, *Africans*, *Alexandrians*, and the Civil Wars, with the Military Discipline of the *Greeks* and *Romans* : To which is added the Maxims of Wars now in use, together with a Comparison betwixt the Ancient and Modern Way of making War, with Observations on both. By *Henry Duke of Rohan*.

The Young Lawyers Recreation : Being a Choice Collection of several Pleasant Trials, Cases; Passages and Customs in the Law; for the Entertainment as well as Profit of Lawyers and Gentlemen.

Advice to a Young Lord, Written by his Father, under these following Heads, viz. *Religion*, *Study and Exercise*, *Travel*, *Marriage*, *House-keeping*, *Hospitality*, of the Court, of *Friendship*, of *Pleasure and Idleness*, of *Conversation*.

*Aristotle's Rhetorick*, or, the true Grounds and Principles of Oratory, shewing the right Art of Pleading and Speaking in full Assemblies and Courts of Judicature. In four Books. Second Edition.

The Religious Stoick, or a short Discourse on several Subjects, Viz. Of *Atheism*, *Superstition*, the *World's Creation*, *Eternity*, *Providence*, *Theologie*, *Strictness of Churches*, of the *Scriptures*, of the *Moral*  
and



## *A Catalogue of Books.*

*and Judicial Law, of Monsters, of Man and his Creation, of the Immortality of the Soul, of Faith and Reason, of the Fall of Angels, and what their Sin was, of Man's Fall, of the Stile of Genesis, why Man fell, with a Refutation to the Millennaries; with a Friendly Address to the Fanaticks of all Sects and Sorts. The Second Edition, by Sir George Mackenzie.*

*A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Publick Employment, and all its Appenages, such as Fame, Command, Riches, Pleasures, Conversation. By Sir George Mackenzie. Second Edition.*

*Jovial Poems and Songs by several Hands.*

*Ovid's Epistles, Translated by several Hands, Adorned with Cuts.*

*Physical and Mathematical Memoirs: Written at the Royal Academy of Paris.*

*Female Gallant: Or, the Wife's the Cuckold: A True New Novel. Written by Mr. Alexander Oldis.*

*German Heroine: A Gallant Novel. Written by Dr. Bellon.*

*A Collection of Letters of Love and Gallantry, and other several Subjects: All written by the Ladies. With the Memoirs, Life, and Adventures of a young Lady. Written by her own Hand, Vol. I.*

The

## A Catalogue of Books.

The Second Volume will be speedily Publisht, containing several curious Letters, sent by Ladies and Gentlewomen.

A Compleat Collection of Mr. *Durfey's* Songs, in Three Parts.

### Plays.

*Sophonisba*: Or, *Hannibal's* Overthrow. A Tragedy, by Mr. *Lee*.

Love for Money, or the Boarding-School. By Mr. *Durfey*.

Marriage-Hater Match'd. A Comedy, by Mr. *Durfey*.

*Richmond*-Heiress, or a Woman once in the Right. A Comedy, by Mr. *Durfey*.

Wives Excuse: Or, Cuckolds make themselves. A Comedy, with a Copy of Verses to the Author, by Mr. *Dryden*.

*Traytor*, a Tragedy: Written by Mr. *Rivers*.

True Widow a Comedy, by Mr. *Tho. Shadwell*: Corrected and amended by Sir *Charles Sidley*, Baronet.

Very Good Wife, a Comedy, Acted at the Theater Royal.

There is in the Press, and will speedily be Publisht *Don Quixot*, or the Knight Erranat, Comical Opera, in two Parts. With Variety of Songs set by the Best Masters. Written by Mr. *Durfey*.

Where you may be also furnished with most sorts of Plays.



